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Our Children

LOUIS K. ANSPACHER



SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

OUR CHILDREN

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY
Handwritten signature
LOUIS K. ANSPACHER

*Author of "The Unchastened Woman," "Tristan and
Isolde," "The Glass House," "The Washerwoman
Duchess," "Dagmar," and other plays*

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"OUR CHILDREN"

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DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

THEODORE: *Is 24, with the naive selfishness of vitality.*

ROSIE: *Is about 17.*

SOPHY: *Is a middle-aged woman.*

HERTHA: *Is a young woman of about 30.*

WILLY: *Is a vital, robust type of old-fashioned German. He is about 55. He is active, aggressive and irascible in manner, obstinate when opposed, but at heart big and kindly. He is dressed in ordinary clothes, but is scrupulously neat. He wears an old-fashioned collar, a white linen bow tie. He is in shirt-sleeves, which are rolled up.*

STASI: *Is approximately WILLY'S age. He is a distinctively different type from WILLY. WILLY is the energetic, active type of German. STASI is slender, reflective and scholarly in appearance and manner. He wears his hair slightly long. His English is quite accurate, though his intonation is foreign.*

LELAND: *Is a man of the world, about 35 years, smooth in manner.*

CARTER: *Is a man of 45, silent in manner.*

RICHARD HELLMAN: *Is sturdy, well-made and independent.*

HARRIET HUTTON: *Is a self-contained young woman of 21. She is beautifully gowned.*

HUTTON: *Is the complete type of reserved New England gentleman.*

OUR CHILDREN

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The stage presents the dining-room in the new house built by WILLIBALD ENGEL. It is the first Sunday that the family has spent in the new place, and the scene must give the impression of unscratched newness. The rear wall has two large arches in it, the one R.C. leads to stairs which are visible. The arch on L.C. leads to the hall and front door of the house. This arch has double doors, both of which are open in Act I. Between the two arches is the large sideboard. Down R. is swinging door which leads to the butler's pantry. Down L. are French windows, opening on the veranda. Trees with autumn foliage are seen beyond. At c. of room is a large, highly polished table, above which is Tiffany glass chandelier with an illuminating bowl. The table has finger bowls, glasses and after dinner coffee cups upon it. Also a bowl of fruit and an ashtray. At wall R. is a serving table with a humidior and percolator upon it. Up L. is a desk with a telephone upon it. There are three chairs at table, a chair down L. and a chair down R. There is a small lamp on the desk up L. and wall brackets on either side of the sideboard rear and over the stairs. The chairs ought to be high-backed and straight. It is about three P. M.*

ENTER: THEODORE R.C., bringing on ROSIE from stairs. THEODORE is smoking a cigarette. He is twenty-four, with the naive selfishness of vitality. ROSIE is about seventeen.

THEODORE. Well, Rosie, what do you think of it? Some house, eh?

ROSIE. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh, the house is beautiful, Theodore. Where's everybody?

THEODORE. Everybody's busy.

ROSIE. I'll come back tomorrow and help Hertha straighten out the rooms upstairs. (*Moves to L.*)

THEODORE. (*Following her*) What's the hurry?

ROSIE. I just ran over to see if I could help in anything.

THEODORE. Now, now, you just sit down. (*Puts her in a chair L. of table*) I want to talk to you—just you, alone. (*Sits on table c.*) I haven't told you the most important thing of all.

ROSIE. (*Eagerly*) No? What is it?

THEODORE. (*Flicking ashes from cigarette*) Rosie—

ROSIE. Oh, don't throw your ashes on the floor. Here. (*Gives him a tray from table c.*)

THEODORE. Thanks.

ROSIE. Well?

THEODORE. (*Importantly*) Rosie, it's finally settled. Dad's bought me a partnership. I'm going into the brokerage business with Mr. Vaughn Leland.

ROSIE. Isn't that splendid! But— (*Her face suddenly falls.*)

THEODORE. What's the matter?

ROSIE. You're going to leave Lynn?

THEODORE. Oh, no. Leland's going to run the Boston office. I'm going to run the branch right here.

ROSIE. (*Relieved*) Oh, then—you see it would be

terrible for us—I mean your *father* would miss you so terribly, if you went away.

THEODORE. Only *Father*?

ROSIE. Oh, and Hertha, and all of us, I guess. Does Uncle Stasi know?

THEODORE. Not yet. *You're* the first one I've told about it, Rosie. I'm going to make a success!

ROSIE. (*Admiringly*) Oh, yes, you will, Theodore.

THEODORE. (*Swaggering*) And when I get the business going and am independent, Rosie, I'll have something to say to *you*. (*ROSIE looks down, confused and bashful. THEODORE comes close to her*) Rosie, do you think your Uncle Stasi would miss you as much as you think my dad would miss *me*?

ROSIE. I don't know, Theodore. (*Rising*) Oh, but Uncle Stasi may be missing me now.

THEODORE. (*Holding her*) Well, from now on, he might as well get used to it. Because, in a little while, you know, somebody's going to come and take you away from him entirely, and keep you all for himself. Now—ah—can you guess who it is?

ROSIE. (*Laughing happily*) I couldn't possibly! (*BOTH laugh.*)

THEODORE. Say, how'd you like to go for a spin? Just we two alone, eh?

ROSIE. Oh, Theodore, I'd love it. Only I couldn't go without telling Uncle Stasi.

THEODORE. All right. I'll just get things ready and bring the car 'round for you in half an hour. Don't be late.

ROSIE. (*Going to French window*) I'll be waiting. And I'll have a surprise for you.

THEODORE. What?

ROSIE. (*Happily, secretive*) Just think of something *blue*.

THEODORE. I will. (*ROSIE exits through the French windows. SOPHY enters from down R. She is a*

middle-aged woman. She carries a tray and goes immediately to the table c. and begins to gather up the dishes. The PHONE bell rings.)

SOPHY. (*Confused at the bell*) Schon wieder a mal a bell!

THEODORE. I'll answer it. (*SOPHY busies herself at table. THEODORE goes to phone on desk up L.*) Hello—Hello. Yes, this is Mr. Engel's home—who is it? Oh, this *you*, Mr. Leland?—Why, I thought you were in Boston. Yes, where *are* you?—Oh, then, I'll come right down.—Not more than ten minutes—sure—goodbye. (*In boyish excitement he goes to hall L.C. and gets his motor coat, etc. Another BELL RINGS. HERTHA enters R. from pantry. HERTHA is a young woman of about thirty.*)

SOPHY. (*To HERTHA*) W'at fer a bell ish dat now?

HERTHA. (*Stopping SOPHY, who starts R.*) Sophy, nobody's there. (*SOPHY shrugs her shoulders and goes to table again.*)

THEODORE. (*Entering from L.C. in motor coat*) Oh, Hertha, tell Dad, Mr. Leland is in town again. I'll motor down to see him at the hotel. (*BELL rings again.*)

HERTHA. Papa's at the front door. (*She takes fruit bowl from table c. and puts it on serving table.*)

THEODORE. Oh, then I'll tell him myself. Tata. (*Exits L.C. BELL rings again.*)

SOPHY. (*Nervously*) Nix wie bells!

HERTHA. Papa's fixing them.

SOPHY. Yah, fixing! I wish he'd go way mit his fixing und leave us alone 'til we get seddled! I wish it was neffer Sunday mit a man around de house fixing, wen we got work to do! 'Til your fader gets trou' mit his fixing, I get fixed in a loonatick asylum! (*She moves the tray across the table. Her jaw falls as she discovers a scratch. She exclaims*

"*Ach du lieber Gott!*" Looks about fearfully; moistens her finger; tries to conceal the damage. At this point an ELECTRIC BELL is heard ringing off R., intermittently.)

HERTHA. (*During above, has gone to French windows; calls out*) Papa! It rings all right now. (*The bell stops. SOPHY starts rubbing at the table. HERTHA sees her*) Sophy, what's the matter?

SOPHY. (*Exculpating herself*) You can't help dem scratches w'en we don'd use no tablecloths.

HERTHA. Get the furniture polish quickly.

SOPHY. (*Going R.*) Yah, in a minute he hollers again about de scratches.

HERTHA. Hurry, Sophy.

SOPHY. (*Balking at the swinging door to the pantry*) Und dis door—dat gits me crazy, too. Dot's got no kinob!

HERTHA. Just push it.

SOPHY. I know—I know—I push it w'en I dink about it, but I can't always dink about it. (*Exits R.*)

WILLY. (*Calling from off rear L.C.*) Hertha!

HERTHA. (*Clearing the table of doilies, which she puts in a sideboard drawer*) Yes, Papa.

WILLY. Does it say de front door on de indicator?

HERTHA. (*Patiently*) Yes, Papa.

WILLY. How do you know?

HERTHA. I saw it in the pantry.

WILLY. All right. (*SOPHY enters R. hastily with the furniture polish and a rag. She just avoids the door that swings quickly behind her.*)

SOPHY. Here it is. (*SOPHY and HERTHA polish the scratch.*)

WILLY. (*Calling again from off rear L.C.*) Hertha! Hertha! (*WILLY enters, carrying hammer, screw-driver, etc. WILLY is a vital, robust type of old-fashioned German. He is about fifty-five. He is active, aggressive and irascible in manner, obstinate when opposed, but at heart big and kindly. He is*

dressed in ordinary clothes, but is scrupulously neat. He wears an old-fashioned collar, a white linen bow tie. He is in shirt-sleeves, which are rolled up) Hertha, Sophy must shine up dat doorplate, und de kinocker, too!

HERTHA. Yes, Papa.

WILLY. (*Coming down R.C.*) You hear me, Sophy?

SOPHY. I got two ears. I heard you mit both of dem.

WILLY. (*Betraying his irritation at SOPHY*) I hat a donkey once dat hat two ears—und long ones, too!

SOPHY. (*R. of table*) W'at for we got a kinocker w'en we got a bell?

WILLY. (*Bursting*) I don't know what for we got a kinocker! But we got it, und you got to shine him up! We must be shiny on de outside, like de inside. (*SOPHY grumbles.*)

HERTHA. I'll tend to it.

WILLY. (*Pleased and proud*) All de bells ring fine now, hah? I fixed dem, ha? Anything else in de house to fix? You better tell me, while I got yet time.

HERTHA. We'll tell you. (*Takes things off table. WILLY goes up to the wall rear and turns on electric switch, which LIGHTS the lights in chandelier and on the walls and also in the hall. As the lights go on above the table, SOPHY covers the scratch with her apron.*)

WILLY. (*Proudly*) Now, mit one button we light all de lights. 'Swonderful! (*Seeing SOPHY's guilty expression*) More scratches on dat table! (*Coming down*) Sophy!! (*He puts down both hands full of tools on the table in his consternation.*)

SOPHY. Jusht look now w'at you do yourself mit scratches!

WILLY. (*Quickly removing the tools*) Shtill!

SOPHY. When you don'd use no tablecloths——

WILLY. Don't arg mit me! W'en my Theodore says we don'd use no tablecloths, dot seddles it. (HERTHA turns off LIGHTS at switch in wall rear. SOPHY has picked up her tray of dishes and has gone to R. door.)

SOPHY. (*Sneeringly, as she crosses to pantry*) Yah! Dat seddles it! Dat seddles it! (*Ad lib.*)

WILLY. Yah, shure, dat seddles it! (SOPHY has lifted her foot to push open R. door. WILLY exclaims excitedly) Sophy!! (*She turns.*) Why don'd you hook back dot door wen you go to de butler's pantry?

SOPHY. (*Turning, argumentatively*) I wash my dishes in de kitchen.

WILLY. (*Dictatorially*) You wash 'em in de butler's pantry, like Theodore told you. (HERTHA holds back the door.)

SOPHY. (*Angrily*) We ain't got no butteler yet in de pantry, und de water's dirty.

HERTHA. (*To SOPHY*) Psch!

WILLY. (*Angrily*) Den turn him on full, and let him run 'til he gits clean! De pipes is new! Go ahead! (SOPHY exits R.) Gott, dat Sophy! Phew! She was goot to your modder so long your modder was alive; but, for twenty-five years now, she's a pest. (*Sits L. of table, tools in his hands.*)

HERTHA. She'll be all right, Papa, when we get settled.

WILLY. (*Rising and going to another chair down L.*) We move on Wednesday; now, it's Sunday. Fer a whole week I live like a bum hotel.

HERTHA. (*Putting bowl of flowers from side-board on table c.*) Everything's new to her.

WILLY. (*Beaming*) Everyding new—ha! (*Grimly*) Now comes de bills. (*Rising*) Ach, Hertha, I can'd git comfortable in dese fancy chairs! Where's my old big chair?

HERTHA. Theodore had it put up in your room.

WILLY. Yah, so. Dat's too old-fashioned fer down here. (*Re-enter SOPHY. Business as she escapes the lively swinging-door.*) Well? You always come mit such a funeral face——?

SOPHY. (*Viciously*) Now dat water won't *schtop* running in de butteler's pantry!

WILLY. (*Bursting*) You turn him on too far! (*BELL rings. Crosses R. to SOPHY*) Dot's Uncle Stasi, Hertha. (*HERTHA exits L.C. WILLY continues to SOPHY*) Now come, Sophy, I show you. (*WILLY makes a pass for the knob on the pantry door.*)

SOPHY. (*Maliciously*) Now, you see yourself dot door, dot's got no kinob!

WILLY. (*Dictatorially*) Shtill! Go ahead! (*SOPHY passes him.*) You git so excited, you don't know what you do no more.

SOPHY. (*Turning on him*) Ich versteh das ganze ding nicht! Mir ist alles so neu!

WILLY. Mach mir keine dummheiten vor, ich will's gar nicht haben.

SOPHY. You can't help dem scratches, w'en you don'd use no tablecloth.

WILLY. Firscht, you git trouble mit de icebox. Den you make scratches on de furniture like a wild-cat. (*Pushes her through R. door*) Und now, de water. (*He turns to look for STASI. The door swings back and strikes him. He thinks it SOPHY*) Say, are you coming out or going in?

SOPHY. (*Putting her head through*) I didn't do it!

WILLY. (*Pulling R. door open on stage*) Geh doch weg!

SOPHY. Dot's not my fault!

WILLY. Halt's maul! (*BOTH exit R. At this point ANASTASIUS SCHEIBLE enters from L.C., followed by HERTHA. STASI is approximately WILLY's age. He is a distinctively different type from WILLY.*)

WILLY is the energetic, active type of German. STASI is slender, reflective and scholarly in appearance and manner. He wears his hair slightly long. He carries a bundle of newspapers which he puts down on a chair near the door. His English is quite accurate, though his intonation is foreign.)

HERTHA. Rosie was here a little while ago.

STASI. (*Entering*) Yah, she came home. Theodore takes her for a ride in the automobile. She puts on her new blue dress. (*Takes off his hat and gives it to HERTHA.*)

HERTHA. The dust will ruin it.

STASI. (*Smiling*) When Theodore comes, she always wears her prettiest clothes. (*Enter WILLY R. HERTHA exits L.C. STASI comes down. They meet in front of table c.*) Grüss dich Gott, Willy! (*Shakes hands enthusiastically.*)

WILLY. Willkommen—willkommen, Stasi!

STASI. (*Looking around the room*) Well—well—well—

WILLY. (*Proudly*) Ha, Stasi?

STASI. Your old friends will feel like coming in the back door.

WILLY. (*Promptly*) De back door jusht's as fine! Come, I show you. (*They move R., but WILLY suddenly turns*) But wait, Stasi. Now wait, I want to show you— (*He goes up to electric switch on wall rear*) Now watch it! Watch it! (*He turns on electric LIGHTS. STASI starts in wonder and makes an exclamation of pleased surprise.*) Schwell, ha!?'Swonderful! (*Turns off LIGHTS.*)

STASI. Switch 'em on again!

WILLY. (*Doing so*) Shure! Shure!

STASI. It's grand. (*Then with slow appraisal*) That's an elegant house, Willy!

WILLY. (*Turning off LIGHTS*) I show you over it afterwards. (*To HERTHA, who re-enters L.C.*) Hertha, I forgit my schmoking tabac. (*HERTHA ex-*

its upstairs. WILLY points to sideboard) Stasi, open dere in de second drawer. I put your pipe dere, too. *(In going for the pipes STASI sees some copies of the American Kennel Magazine lying on top of the sideboard.)*

STASI. So. And you read now about dog kennels. I wonder why you make me send to Boston for these magazines. *(He brings down two pipes. STASI comes L. of table. WILLY is at R.)*

WILLY. *(Expansively)* We build now kennels, too. *(STASI gives WILLY a pipe.)*

STASI. What for?

WILLY. *(To HERTHA, who re-enters R.C. with the tobacco-jar)* Hertha! W'at kind fer a dogs does the Theodore make in de kennels?

HERTHA. He's going to breed collies.

WILLY. *(To STASI, as he takes tobacco-jar)* Yah, collies! 'Swonderful! Hertha, matches! *(She brings down a brass smoking outfit from sideboard. WILLY turns with jar to STASI)* Oh, say, Stasi, I t'ank you fer de fine tobacco-jar.

STASI. Then you think of me whenever you take a smoke.

WILLY. Yah, yah. *(Reading the inscription on it)* Here stands it: "Von your old friend of fify years." I tank you very much. *(Opening it)* But fill up, Stasi.

STASI. *(Nettled, as he finds a potato in the jar)* But, Willy, I told you, you don't need a potato in it. That's got a sponch on top, in here. *(Showing it)* You put water there. That keeps it moist.

WILLY. I don't like water in my tobac.

STASI. Und I don't like potatoes in mine. *(He takes out the potato.)*

WILLY. *(Putting it back into jar)* I do it my way!

STASI. *(Good-humoredly)* All right.

WILLY. All right. *(WILLY and STASI each*

have a different characteristic gesture as they say "All right." These gestures are repeated throughout the play.)

STASI. (*Filling his pipe*) Say, Willy, where will you build those kennels? (*Pushes jar over to WILLY.*)

WILLY. (*Filling his pipe*) Sit down, Stasi. You know dat proberdy next door?

STASI. (*Nodding*) Where Richard Hellman lives? (*HERTHA goes up to French window and sews during the following scene.*)

WILLY. Yah. (*Lights pipe and sits R. of table*) I hold a mortgage on dot proberdy fer fifteen years now. I let Richard live dere all dis time fer three protscent.

STASI. I know.

WILLY. (*Secretively*) But I don't renew dot mortgage any more.

STASI. Why not?

WILLY. My Theodore wants it fer his dogs.

STASI. Nu! Willy! (*Rises.*)

WILLY. Ain't dot chair comfortable?

STASI. I don't speak about the chairs! (*He turns; then comes to WILLY*) Listen, Willy—— (*He catches WILLY's obstinate eye*) Och, what's the use I talk?

WILLY. Oud mit it! I know I git no peace 'til you——

STASI. You mustn't take that place from Richard.

WILLY. I mustn't? Jusht so soon anybody tells me I mushn't, dot's egsactly w'at I want to do.

STASI. Willy, you're crazy!

WILLY. All right.

STASI. (*Vehemently*) All right! (*He scratches a match under the table. WILLY jumps up and during STASI'S ensuing speech, he examines the table to see if STASI has scratched it. Lighting his pipe*) Now, listen, Willy. Everybody in this town, they

used to say what a fine man Old Engel is. People were proud of what you made yourself. But, since Theodore comes home from college with his new ideas, your friends don't know you any more.

WILLY. (*Defensively*) W'at comes now?

STASI. Richard Hellman's father worked with you on the bench and——

WILLY. (*Interrupting*) Well, I'm proud of dat. Ernsh't was a goot workman.

STASI. But look now what Theodore makes you do to Ernst Hellman's son.

WILLY. (*With justification*) Now, listen, Stasi. I done everyding I can for Richard. I take him in de factory. I made him foreman of de men. Ernsh't himself couldn't do more. Und Richard is now old enough to look out for himself.

STASI. What does Richard say?

WILLY. De mortgage was due yesterday. Tomorrow, I tell Richard dot I don'd renew. So don'd say nodding. (*He looks quickly at HERTHA, who seems not to have heard.*)

STASI. You know me, Willy. What I got to say, I say to you.

WILLY. Yah, und w'en you git trou, dere's nodding left to say behint my back!

STASI. (*Proudly*) Yah.

WILLY. (*Continuing*) Und I do w'at I want jusht de same.

STASI. (*Nettled*) No, not what you want. You always do what Theodore wants.

WILLY. All right!

STASI. All right! (*Slight pause, during which STASI strikes another match under the table.*)

WILLY. (*Jumping up*) Look oud, Stasi! Dot's de second time you make me scratches on dot table!

STASI. (*With exculpation*) Excuse me. I scratched it underneath.

WILLY. (*Pointing explicitly to the brass smoking*

outfit) Here! Here's de place to scratch de matches. Dot's special made fer dat.

STASI. (*Deliberately pointing*) I scratch 'em there when you put water in the tobacco-jar. That's made special, too. (*He scratches the match on trousers.*)

WILLY. All right!

STASI. All right!

WILLY. You vant always de lasht word.

STASI. (*Bridling*) *Me?*

WILLY. Yah—you!

STASI. Willy, if you was dead und in your coffin, you'd sit up and sass de undertaker.

WILLY. Yah, shure, I would. (*Feelingly*) Und Stasi, I hope you're dere to hear me do it. (*They BOTH laugh good-humouredly again and smoke. Pause.*)

STASI. Say, Willy—

WILLY. Hah?

STASI. Richard tells me he makes a new invention for the factory.

WILLY. (*Surprised*) He told you?

STASI. Yah. Is it a good thing?

WILLY. Yah, shure, it's goot. Dot's de trouble mit it. I got to take it, so de odder shoe manufacturers don'd git it. I git 'em all. Dot Richard coshts me a pile.

STASI. Why don't you buy that patent now?

WILLY. Shafskopf! If Richard gits a liddle money now, he tries to buy dot proberty, und my Theodore don'd git it.

STASI. (*Rising*) Well, I don't say anything, anymore. But you know what I think.

WILLY. Shure, I know, und I don'd *care* w'at you dink.

STASI. You never did, so what's the use I talk?

WILLY. It's no use.

STASI. All right! (*Sits again.*)

WILLY. All right! You bring up your Rosie de way you like. I bring up my Theodore de way I like.

STASI. (*With conviction*) My Rosie works.

WILLY. (*Impatiently rising*) Ach, Stasi, you always got dat poorhouse fever. Und how far did you bring it? We came over on de same ship forty-five years ago. Today, I'm rich. Und you——

STASI. (*Interrupting*) I'm satisfied! I got enough to spoil my Rosie, too, but I don't believe in it.

WILLY. You dink because we was born in a shanty on de odder side, our children must live jusht de same as us?

STASI. (*Aggressively*) I don't live in a shanty.

WILLY. *Och*. No, no, no. My fader gave me nodding. He teached me de trade on de bench. But my Theodore is different. (*Proudly*) He went to collitch. He's a chentleman. I gif my Theodore eferyding my father couldn't give me. My boy reads books—drives in a automobile und——

STASI. Und spends your money like the wind.

WILLY. Why not? W'at for I got it? He shall schpend while I'm alive, den I have some of de fun along mit him.

STASI. A young man should work. He should *make* money.

WILLY. I make de money. Und, besides, he's going to work: (*Sits R. of table.*)

STASI. (*Ironically*) You don't say so. At what?

WILLY. (*Trying to conceal his pride*) I jusht buy him dat partnership in de brokerage business.

STASI. (*Arguing again*) Brokerage? I told you, Willy. That's no work. That's a graft. That's gambling.

WILLY. That's a fine business—a *chentleman's* business!

STASI. Ach!

WILLY. Maybe you dink my Theodore should be

a liddle prinder like you, or a shoemaker like me. Oh, no!

STASI. Well, you know I won't talk about it any more. I'm proud of what my Rosie *saves* for me. You're proud of what your Theodore *spends* for you.

WILLY. Now, you begin again, hah!

STASI. (*Rising violently*) I'm through!

WILLY. All right!

STASI. All right! (*He crosses to chair at L. and brings down the newspaper. Sulkily*) Here's the New York papers. (*WILLY divides the newspapers. They both glance at them during the following dialogue*) Richard tells me they make him a Labor leader here in Lynn.

WILLY. (*Looking up from paper*) You know dot Richard always was a little anarchist, mit his new ideas about de unions and machines.

STASI. Willy, the next generation always *has* to be a little anarchist; else the world would stand still. (*Gesture from WILLY.*) And if the unions begin again with the strikes——

WILLY. (*Confidently*) *I know my men. Dey all know me.*

STASI. That ain't the question. The working man has *rights*.

WILLY. (*While scanning the paper*) Yah, shure he has. I was one myself, and I look out fer dem. W'en I got goot times I pay dem double wages for longer hours, so when de bat times comes, dey got someding on de bank. I neffer laid dem off. My men neffer yet went oud on shtrike, und neffer will. Dey know I take better care of them den all de laws.

STASI. We don't speak of *you*, Willy. The law is made for the *bad* employer.

WILLY. Yah, und fer effery new law dot's made, de bat employer gits a dozen lawyers to git him oud of it. You can'd put a goot heart in a boss mit laws.

Und you can'd make goot workmen mit trade unions.

STASI. Yah, Willy, if you got money, you're a capitalist.

WILLY. Und, if you got nix, you're a Anarchist or a Socialist, like you or Richard. Dot's it.

STASI. If you got none, you're a workman, and there you stay.

WILLY. (*Closing off discussion as he turns over paper*) Plendy of room on de top fer de bright younk fellers.

STASI. I don't see that you gave Richard a chance.

WILLY. (*Violently rising*) Richard! Richard! Nix wie Richard! You got easy talkink. I could go broke effery year mit putting in anodder patent. Hah? Und who gave me a chance? I didn't have a tscent. I worked, night und day.

STASI. You had good luck, Willy.

WILLY. (*Standing r. of table. With a change*) Yah, Stasi, goot iuck I hat w'en it's too late fer my wife to enchoy it. But efferyding I couldn't gif to my Matilda, I gif to my Theodore. Und de resht, de odders, dey should do what I done. Nobody helped me.

STASI. Things were different when you begun, Willy. You couldn't do that same today again.

WILLY. I don'd *have* to do the same today again, dank Gott! I pay de biggest wages here in Lynn. Und w'en dey dink it ain'd enough, dey kin git oud. Quick! Marsch!

STASI. Willy, Willy! You don'd know what goes on in de world.

WILLY. I know my business.

STASI. (*Conciliatorily*) Yah, I think you know your business. You *don'd* think I know mine. But, maybe, in the end we are both mistaken, ha?

WILLY. Now you begin again mit your nashty, sarkestick remarks!

STASI. (*Rising angrily*) Och, I lose patience with

you! A old fossil, that's what you are! (*He swings up L.*)

WILLY. (*Coming c.*) A w'at!!

STASI. (*Turning*) A fossil! A fossil!

WILLY. Wat's dat, a fussel!?

STASI. (*Exasperated, comes to WILLY at c.*) A fossil is a animal that died a million years ago!

WILLY. Den I shoult worry about it—leaf me alone!

STASI. (*Violently*) All right!

WILLY. (*Likewise*) All right! (*After this eruption STASI comes back to his chair L. of table, switches it around and smokes sulkily. After a pause*) Hertha, you fix de card table upshtairs?

HERTHA. Yes, Papa.

WILLY. Your Uncle Stasi gits again in goot humor all de week, if I let him beat me pinochle on Sunday. (*Coaxingly to STASI*) Come, du alter bengel. (*Nudges STASI.*)

STASI. Yah, today I beat you. (*He follows WILLY to arch R.C.*)

WILLY. Yah, maybe. If you git a hundret-fifty trumps, mit a tousand aces!

STASI. I teach you auction pinochle today.

WILLY. You will not. Effery time I lick you at de old game you come arount mit someding new. (*They go up a little. A MOTOR HORN is heard off L. Excitedly*) Stasi, dot's my Theodore! (*He runs across to French windows*) Stasi, he comes now up de path. (*Calling out*) Hallo, Theodore! Hallo! (*Ad lib. as he waves out of the window*) Look, Stasi, look de way he drives! 'Swonderful! Hertha, open de door for your broder! (*HERTHA exits up L.C.*)

STASI. (*Looking out eagerly*) Rosie's mit him, hah?

WILLY. Rosie? He's oud mit his new pardner.

STASI. (*Turning, disappointed*) Ach, Gott! My

Rosie waits at home in her blue dress all the afternoon.

WILLY. All de girls wait fer my Theodore! But wait, Stasi! I interdoose you Mr. Leland, a great schwell von Boston. (*STASI takes position down R. Calling off into hall L.C.*) Come righd in, Mr. Leland. Come righd in. (*LELAND enters from L.C. WILLY shakes hands enthusiastically*) Glat to see you! (*LELAND is a man of the world, about thirty-five years, smooth in manner.*) Shake hands mit my old frient, Mr. Scheible. (*LELAND crosses to STASI, who looks him over mistrustfully.*) We come over on de same ship a hundret years ago. (*THEODORE enters L.C.*) Stasi, dis is Mr. Wogan Leland. (*HERTHA re-enters L.C.*)

LELAND. (*To STASI*) How d'y'e do. (*Shakes hands.*)

THEODORE. (*Coming L. to WILLY*) Dad, Mr. Leland's name is "Vaughn" not "Wogan."

WILLY. (*Apologetically*) I git him straight efter a while. (*CARTER enters R.C. He is a man of forty-five, silent in manner. He takes position up L. To STASI*) You know Carter? (*They bow. To LELAND fussily*) But take off your dings. (*He helps LELAND off with his motor coat, which he gives to BERTHA. STASI keeps looking at LELAND.*)

THEODORE. (*Giving his coat to HERTHA, too*) Here, Sis, that's right. Take Mr. Leland's coat. Oh, Hertha, bring some ice in the cocktail shaker. (*HERTHA exits L.C. and immediately re-enters, and during the ensuing dialogue, crosses to R. and exits.*)

WILLY. (*To STASI*) We git a cocktail now!

STASI. So. A cocktail.

THEODORE. Say, Guv'nor, I've simply got to have a new machine.

WILLY. Wat's de matter mit your machine?

THEODORE. Engine's got the hiccup.

WILLY. Well, I dink aboud it. Mr. Leland, I

just been telling Mr. Scheible about de new firm.

STASI. (*Sizing LELAND up*) Yah.

LELAND. (*Same business*) Yes.

WILLY. (*To STASI*) My Theodore opens a branch office here in Lynn next week.

STASI. So!

WILLY. (*Proudly*) Shure! All mohogany furniture he's got. 'Swonderful.

THEODORE. (*To STASI*) Anytime you want to take a flyer at a sure thing, we'll put you on.

STASI. No, Theodore. I don't fly. I prefer to walk. (*Enter HERTHA R. with a cocktail shaker.*)

THEODORE. Ah, here we are! (*Takes shaker from HERTHA, who sits near French windows, again sewing*) Carter, get the glasses. (*CARTER gets them from the sideboard; then he, LELAND and THEODORE gather up rear, while THEODORE mixes drinks at sideboard where the different bottles are found in one of the compartments*) Oh, Guv'nor. Bring out the smokes.

WILLY. (*Crossing R. to get humidor on table*) Yah, shure—shure.

STASI. (*To WILLY at R. secretly*) Say, Willy, what do you know about this Leland feller?

WILLY. His cousin went to collitch mit my Theodore. Carter looked him up.

STASI. Carter? Why didn't you look him up yourself?

WILLY. W'at for I got a confidential man? Carter says Leland is A-I—gilt edge—fine people—so goot as my factory.

STASI. Yah, so. (*He reaches for a cigar in the humidor that WILLY holds.*)

WILLY. (*Putting the humidor behind him humorously*) You don'd schmoke tsigars, hah? (*Moves to cross STASI.*)

STASI. (*Stopping him with a challenge*) Yes, by Gott, I will! (*He faces WILLY, who opens the hum-*

idor reluctantly. STASI makes a move toward it. WILLY stops him and carefully takes out one cigar, which he looks at lovingly.)

WILLY. (*Giving it to STASI*) Stasi, you musht schmoke dot mit understanding. Fifty tscent.

STASI. Well, we get a little high life too, once in a while.

WILLY. (*Genially*) All right!

STASI. All right! (*STASI goes down R.*)

WILLY. (*Offering LELAND the humidor*) Mr. Leland, you schmoke a liddle tsigar?

LELAND. (*Taking one*) Yes, thanks.

THEODORE. (*To LELAND*) You like 'em dry, don't you?

LELAND. Yes, with a dash of absinthe.

THEODORE. Right you are.

STASI. (*Holding match for WILLY*) Say, Willy, you let him put absink in the cocktails!

WILLY. (*Lighting his cigar*) Why not! 'Swonderful.

STASI. Well, I wait and see.

THEODORE. (*Who has poured out cocktails at table c.*) Here we are! Gentlemen, all set? This one for Mr. Leland. Dad, for Uncle Stasi. Carter, yours. All set?—well, then, gentlemen, I give you my Guv'nor—a rough diamond, but the best in the world. (*They touch glasses.*)

WILLY. (*Enthusiastically*) Prosht! Prosht! (*He takes his glass over to STASI*) Prosht! Stasi!

STASI. Prosht, Willy. (*They touch glasses and drink. STASI smacks his lips.*)

WILLY. 'Swonderful, hah?

STASI. (*Winking*) Hum——

THEODORE. (*To LELAND*) Great old boys, eh? (*He goes up to WILLY, caressingly*) Say, Guv'nor, I've seen a car that's a peach.

WILLY. (*Indulgently*) I fix it up mit Carter in de morning. (*CARTER nods. HERTHA notes this.*)

LELAND. (*Raising his glass*) To the new member of the firm of Leland & Engel. (*All bravo.*)

WILLY. Braavo, gentlemen! Gentlemen——

THEODORE. (*To all*) Psch! Speech! Speech! Dad's going to make a speech.

STASI. Go on, Willy, say something. Make it a little speech.

WILLY. Shure, I make a speech. (*He clears his throat with elaborate ceremony*) Gentlemen, I am a very prout man today. Mr. Leland, I got prout to have you fer gesht in my Theodore's new house—on de occasion w'en he jusht goes into business. I got prout dot he goes in mit *you*, and I got prout to help my boy mit efferyding I got in de world. I got prout—dot—well—I got prout und heppy—und so—I—— (*He dries up.*)

THEODORE. (*With a wink at LELAND*) Sing it, Guv'nor.

WILLY. (*Promptly taking the guy for earnest*) Shure, I sing. Do you like to hear a old German song, Mr. Leland?

LELAND. Delighted. Go ahead.

WILLY. I heerd it long ago. Och, dot's a old song. My fader used to sing it to me w'en I was a liddle feller, und I used to sing it to my Theodore w'en *he* was a liddle feller, efter Hertha puts him to bed.

LELAND. Go ahead. (*WILLY, here, sings an old German song. WILLY uses a very simple song with a melody that can be made to reveal all of his changing moods, from joy to despair. The words and music appear in back of book. They laugh and applaud. STASI and WILLY here execute a little comedy-dance, and then drink in Bruderschaft fashion.*)

WILLY. Do you like it?

OMNES. Splendid! Bravo!

WILLY. Och, dot's nodding. We could sing oncet, hah, Stasi?

STASI. (*Grimly*) Yah, you could sing—*once!*

WILLY. (*To STASI*) Ach, du alter Bengel! Und now, Stasi, we old fellers, we go upshtairs.

STASI. (*Flourishing his cigar down R.*) It's too late, Willy.

LELAND. Time for me to be off too, Mr. Engel. Can I drop you any place, Mr. Scheible?

STASI. No. I better take a little walk. (*To WILLY*) That absink! (*Gesture to his head. WILLY laughs.*)

LELAND. Goodbye, everybody.

STASI. Goodbye, Willy—Theodore— (*Hubbub of general goodbyes.*)

WILLY. (*To STASI*) We git our pinochle tomorrow.

STASI. Good.

WILLY. Come soon again, Mr. Leland. (*Mingled conversation as they go off through arch up L.C. HERTHA re-enters R.; puts humidor again on serving table R.; clears up cocktail glasses, etc. A MOTOR heard off L. and final goodbyes. HERTHA is about to carry the shaker off into the pantry, when THEODORE enters L.C. THEODORE is whistling a snatch of the latest musical comedy air.*)

HERTHA. Oh, Theodore. Have you been urging Papa to foreclose on Richard?

THEODORE. Well, we don't want factory people living right next door.

HERTHA. (*Passionately*) Factory people! How can you be such a snob?

WILLY. (*Entering from French windows down L., singing his old song*) W'at I do mit dem papers w'at Stasi brought? (*He senses the row*) W'at's the matter here?

THEODORE. Oh, nothing.

WILLY. Squabbling mit your broder?

THEODORE. Hertha feels bad about your taking over Richard's property.

WILLY. (*With complete justification*) W'at's she

got to feel fer Richard? I waited 'til efter his sister gets married, don't I?

HERTHA. Papa——

WILLY. Shtill! (*Raising his voice*) I want dere shall be peace in dis house! (*Pause*) Not a sound more! (*Subsiding*) You wake me coffee time—ha, Hertha? (*HERTHA takes up cocktail service and exits R. WILLY watches HERTHA'S exit; then says with a tender smile*) Theodore, she's mad on us. But wait, I want to show you someding. (*He secretively takes a bankbook from his back pocket and gives it to THEODORE.*)

THEODORE. (*Who has opened the book*) Ten thousand dollars! You've opened a new account?

WILLY. Psch! Look at de name on de book.

THEODORE. (*Reading*) "Hertha Engel!"

WILLY. You see, Theodore, I bought you a partnership in a business. I do this now for Hertha. Dat's de beginning. Und effery year I make it bigger.

THEODORE. You're a brick, Dad.

WILLY. Yah, ten t'ousand dollars. Jusht ten times what your mother brought to me when we were married. That was my start in business. I want Hertha to have that. The account is in Mr. Hutton's bank. (*Takes back the book and puts it into his pocket*) Dat's a surprise for her.

THEODORE. And I've got a surprise for you, Dad. Old Hutton and his daughter, Harriet, are coming here today.

WILLY. W'at! Dey call on us? De presidenk of de bank?

THEODORE. Hum. Hum. They'll be here shortly.

WILLY. (*Joyfully excited*) Say, how did you manage it?

THEODORE. They had a bad blowout. I gave them a tire.

WILLY. (*Raising his eyes*) You gave them a——

(*Change to a smile*) Oh, he comes now to pay fer it.

THEODORE. (*Importantly*) I won't accept it.

WILLY. (*After a pause of comprehension*) Oh, I see. Haha! You begin now *social* relations with dem peeble. (*Nudges THEODORE*) You do him a favor, hah?

THEODORE. You're on, Guv'nor.

WILLY. 'Swonderful!

THEODORE. Now, Dad, he'll try to pay you for that tire, but don't you accept a cent. D'ye hear, remember?

WILLY. Shure, I remember. You leave it to me; I fix it. Not a tscent!

THEODORE. You see, motors are good for something besides riding in.

WILLY. (*Shrewdly, following him*) Yah, and dat's a lucky business, Theodore. (*Pointing around*) Right now, in de new house, hah? Und beshides, Hutton kin somedime maybe do *me* a favor, too. I need a lot o' capital if I ever want to put Richard's new machinery in de factory.

THEODORE. Here, here, Guv'nor, *no business to-day*. Remember, this is a *social* call. *Harriet's* with him.

WILLY. (*Nodding as he comprehends THEODORE's insinuation*) Ach, so! Theodore, you could do wise.

THEODORE. Think so, eh?

WILLY. She's rich, und not a bad looker. (*Enter HERTHA R. and goes to the table to arrange the centre-piece and flowers. THEY don't notice her.*)

THEODORE. She's a swell girl, all right.

WILLY. It's jusht as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one. Und a bright younk feller like *you*, mit a collitch etchikashun,— Say,—you bring me home a daughter like Harriet,—dot's worth while.

THEODORE. Now run along, Dad. Behave.

WILLY. (*Calling loudly*) Hertha! (*He turns and*

sees her) Oh, tell Sophy we got geshts fer coffee. Fix dings nice,—ha, Hertha?

HERTHA. Yes, Papa.

WILLY. (*Excitedly*) Och Gott! I'm glat! I fix de frond door und de electric lightds. (*He runs up to the rear and turns LIGHTS on*) 'Swonderful!

THEODORE. Go up, Dad, and get into some real clothes. (*Pushes him toward stairs R.C.*)

WILLY. (*To THEODORE*) You call me as soon as he comes. Ha? Hertha, put de water on!

HERTHA. I'll have fresh coffee.

WILLY. (*Pointing to it on serving table*) In de percolator, ha? De percolator!

THEODORE. (*Urging him up*) Yes.

WILLY. (*Coming back*) Och, turn off de lighds!

THEODORE. All right, Dad. I'll 'tend to them. (*He finally gets WILLY off R.C. and turns out LIGHTS.*)

WILLY. (*Reappearing*) My pabers—och, my pabers—

THEODORE. (*Giving them to him from table c.*) Here they are. But remember—

WILLY. (*Turning*) Shure I remember. Not a tscent! (*WILLY exits, singing as he goes upstairs.*)

THEODORE. Phew! (*Pause. He goes over to HERTHA, who has sat down at the French window, sewing. Slightly ashamed of his caddishness*) Hertha, I'm sorry about Richard's losing his house. But let's not encourage him to come running in here in his overalls the way he used to at the old place. I don't want to seem snobbish, but I *do* want to make other associations in this house.

HERTHA. Oh.

THEODORE. You must see that if we're going to do anything in society in this town we've got to draw the line somewhere. A fellow's father *goes*. After all, Dad's picturesque and has the coin, but—

HERTHA. (*Picking up her sewing*) Oh, well, it's

not likely we'll see much of Richard any more, now that his sister Olive is married and moved away. (*This speech is interrupted by RICHARD'S hearty voice from the pantry.*)

RICHARD. (*Off R.*) All right, Sophy, thank you.

HERTHA. *There's* Richard.

THEODORE. (*Annoyed*) Did you ask him here?

HERTHA. Why, no.

THEODORE. (*Quickly*) Well, get rid of him before the Huttons come, that's all. Oh, and not a word about the property.

(RICHARD HELLMAN *enters from the butler's pantry. He is sturdy, well-made and independent.*)

RICHARD. (*At pantry door*) Sophy told me to come right in. (*Looking about the room*) My! This is handsome.

THEODORE. (*L. of table*) There's a doorbell out in front, Richard.

RICHARD. (*Laughing a little, embarrassed*) Yes, I know, but I felt a kind o' more comfortable coming through the kitchen.

THEODORE. Oh!

HERTHA. Richard, hang your hat in the hall.

RICHARD. Yes. (*He crosses behind table, looking admiringly about the room, then exits L.C.*)

HERTHA. (*Quickly going to THEODORE*) Theodore, now that he's here, you can't——

THEODORE. Well, please get rid of him before the Huttons come, that's all! (*Crosses toward exit R.C.*)

RICHARD. (*Re-entering L.C.*) How did your car work today?

THEODORE. Something's the matter with the engine. Oh, you might take a look at it.

RICHARD. Yes, I will.

THEODORE. Thanks. (*Exits upstairs R.C.*)

RICHARD. (*Taking out a letter*) I got a special from Olive.

HERTHA. You must miss her, Richard.

RICHARD. Sit down. I'll read you what she writes. (*She sits at table L. and unconsciously picks up her sewing again. RICHARD gives a long look at her, then reads*) "Dear Brother Richard: I have now been married for a week, and in our happiness John and I both remember you with thankfulness." (*To HERTHA*) She's a brick, isn't she? (*Reading*) "The firm have given him a raise as a wedding present." (*To HERTHA*) Eh? (*Reading*) "Thank Hertha for the box of linen that just came. She must have done the initials herself." (*Slowly*) "Give her my love, the dear." (*He looks at her*) "If you are lonesome, go over to see Hertha." (*He pauses. She doesn't look up.*) "John has just come home from work, so I must hurry dinner." (*HERTHA stops sewing and looks out over the audience.*) "Best love from your sister Olive."

HERTHA. She's very happy, isn't she?

RICHARD. *He's* happy, too. You know, a single life is only half a life. What do you think?

HERTHA. I've never thought about it.

RICHARD. You never let yourself. Neither did I, —until—hum— (*He touches letter affectionately and pockets it. She sews. He looks at her.*)

HERTHA. (*Rubbing her eyes and in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone*) The days are getting short.

RICHARD. It's coming on November. (*He pulls up blinds on French window*) Better?

HERTHA. Thank you. (*She resumes her sewing, then says impersonally as he walks around rear of table*) I guess you'll soon begin thinking of getting married, too.

RICHARD. (*Surprised, sitting R. of table*) Now, what made you say that?

HERTHA. Oh, they say, when *one* in a family—

RICHARD. (*Earnestly*) Say, will you take a walk?

HERTHA. (*Shaking her head*) I can't. I've got to help Sophy pretty soon; so you mustn't stay too long today.

RICHARD. Yes. (*He rises and walks around the table back, looking around*) Say—do you like this new house?

HERTHA. Yes, don't you?

RICHARD. Well—I found it lots easier to talk to you in the old place.

HERTHA. I haven't changed.

RICHARD. (*Eagerly*) No? (*Pause. She sews.*) What's that you're making?

HERTHA. A centerpiece.

RICHARD. (*Looking at it*) It's like the wedding present you sent Olive.

HERTHA. I'll do a set for *your* bride, if you'll let me know in time.

RICHARD. (*Behind her chair*) I've got her all picked out, if she'll only have me.

HERTHA. (*Sewing*) Why shouldn't she have you?

RICHARD. Well, you see, her family's rich, and—

HERTHA. Papa says it's just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one.

RICHARD. (*Surprised*) Gosh! (*Laughs*) Did he say that?

HERTHA. Yes.

RICHARD. And I've got a home that I hope in a little while to hold free and clear for her; or else your father's not a business man.

HERTHA. Oh, Richard—— (*Stops.*)

RICHARD. What?

HERTHA. Why didn't you try to pay your mortgage off before?

RICHARD. (*Confidently*) I saw I had either to put a mortgage on my future or keep the mortgage on the place, so I put my money into the workshop and the model. (*Enthusiastically*) And it was worth

it—for now I've got the greatest patent of them all for him.

HERTHA. Is it so wonderful as that?

RICHARD. (*Quietly serious*) It will put his competitors out of business.

HERTHA. You've done all this for Father?

RICHARD. He gets first call on everything I do. (*She sews nervously.*) What's the matter?

HERTHA. (*Looking toward stairs R.C.*) Nothing—nothing— (*Sews.*)

RICHARD. Hertha, won't you help me?

HERTHA. If I can.

RICHARD. You know what I'm trying to ask you, don't you?

HERTHA. Richard, Father must help you to get a start.

RICHARD. (*Earnestly*) And with a good woman to help him, a man can do things in this world!

HERTHA. (*Sewing very nervously*) Why, of course. And it must be wonderful for any woman to have a man like you to care for her. You can knock at any door, Richard. (*Turning over her work*) And when a man is a good brother, he's likely to be a good husband.

RICHARD. Then—ah—can we—can we call it settled? Eh?

HERTHA. What! You mean *me*? You want to marry *me*?

RICHARD. (*Mopping his brow*) Well—what do you think I've been talking about all this time? You're the reason why I've worked and worked—Why I've stayed on with your father and given what brains I have to him. I've had offers from other people in the field, who believe in the new methods. But I've wanted all along to earn my right to have *you*.

HERTHA. You want to marry *me*?

RICHARD. Yes. I want you in my home—just like John's got Olive.

HERTHA. I never thought—

RICHARD. (*Interrupting*) We've never had a chance to think about ourselves—you and I. But now that Theodore's grown up, and Olive's settled—it isn't selfish to think about our own lives now. You've got a life of your own to lead. So have I.

HERTHA. I—I don't know—I—

RICHARD. Now, there's nothing to be scared of. (*A pause*) Hertha, won't you come to me? (*Pause. She looks up at him, then quietly goes toward him. He folds her in his arms and kisses her firmly, then sits her down in chair and gets away and looks at her. She sits down exactly as he places her. Very practically*) Now where's your father? (*She points up R.C. He starts to go behind table toward exit R.C.*)

HERTHA. (*Suddenly rising*) Wait, Richard! (*He stops.*) You'd better let me speak to him first.

RICHARD. Oh, no. That's the man's part.

HERTHA. Richard! Please!

RICHARD. Well, if you say so. (*He comes down toward R. door*) I'll take a look at Theodore's engine.

HERTHA. Yes,—do.

RICHARD. Until tonight—

HERTHA. Until tonight. (*He looks at her standing c.; draws a deep breath of pride and exits quickly through pantry.*)

(*There is a pause of deep romantic feeling for*

HERTHA. Suddenly the front DOORBELL rings. HERTHA is startled back into the commonplace again.)

WILLY. (*Calling down loudly*) Hertha! Ish dat de Huttons?

(SOPHY enters R.; pauses at door and takes off her blue gingham apron, showing a frilly white apron underneath.)

THEODORE. (*Appearing at foot of stairs simultaneously*) Dad, don't yell like that. (SOPHY crosses and exits L.C.)

WILLY. (*Commandingly*) Hertha shall open de door. (HERTHA starts to go toward hall L.C.)

THEODORE. (*To HERTHA*) Sophy's here. (HERTHA stops. Calling again to WILLY) You get into your coat and come down quietly.

WILLY. (*Off*) Shure I come.

THEODORE. (*To HERTHA*) Coffee ready?

HERTHA. Yes, it will be in a moment.

WILLY. (*Coming downstairs expansively. He is dressed in his Sunday best, carrying the newspapers*) Well—well—— By Jo! Dot's a great pleasure to— (*He expects the Huttons. SOPHY re-enters at this point. They meet in front of table*) Oh, dot's you, is it? Nu—Sophy—say, where are dey? (*Glares at SOPHY.*)

SOPHY. (*Sulkily*) It's nobody. (*She crosses and puts on her old apron again over her white one.*)

WILLY. (*Bursting, as he throws newspaper on table c.*) W'at's de matter mit you, Sophy? How kin nobody rink dat bell?

SOPHY. It's only somebody was looking fer de wrong number.

WILLY. (*Disappointed*) Ach so.

THEODORE. False alarm, Dad.

SOPHY. (*Grumbling*) Yah, bells and bells, und—

WILLY. (*Suddenly seeing ashes on floor at L.C.*) Sophy. Look here,—ashes on de floor! Who done dat?

SOPHY. (*Looking at floor where he points*) I don't schmoke tsigars.

WILLY. (*Sarcastically*) You don'd say so!

HERTHA. (*Keeping peace between them*) Papa—
(*Then to SOPHY*) Get a dustpan quick, Sophy.

WILLY. (*With a change to mildness*) Yah, Sophy, clean it up, please, quick. (*He waves her off.*
SOPHY *exits* R. WILLY *turns to THEODORE excitedly*) Say, Theodore, it's time de Huttons come now, ain't it?

THEODORE. Yes.

WILLY. Firshst we gif 'em coffee in de dining room.

THEODORE. No, no.

WILLY. (*Proudly*) Mit de percolator und de electric lighds. (*Pointing off R. rear*) Den we take 'em in de parlor, und—

THEODORE. That's a drawing-room, Guv'nor.

WILLY. I always fergit dat,—de *drawing-room*. Come, Theodore, we make a big fire in de drawing-room, so it looks nice und comfortable w'en dey come in.

THEODORE. All right. (*They exit* R.C. *as SOPHY enters* R. *with a dustpan and broom.*)

HERTHA. (*Busied at table with doilies*) That's right, Sophy.

SOPHY. (*Sweeping ashes in front of table*) Schon gut.

HERTHA. Is the kettle boiling?

SOPHY. Yah, it boils,—jusht like your fader.

HERTHA. I'll make the coffee in the percolator.

SOPHY. De poikolator! My coffee ain't goot enough no more!

HERTHA. Oh, yes, Sophy, but with company we want to serve it in here. I'll 'tend to it.

SOPHY. No. I fix it.

WILLY. (*Calling off*) Hertha! Hertha!

HERTHA. Yes, Papa.

SOPHY. Now he begins again. (*She exits quickly* R.)

WILLY. (*Appearing up* R.C. *with sleeves rolled*

back) Hertha! Hertha! Why don'd you come w'en I call? (*Viciously*) Now dot chimney in de *drawing-room don'd draw!*

HERTHA. (*Taking newspaper from table*) I'll light some newspaper and warm the flue.

WILLY. You git de coffee ready. (*He takes newspaper and goes up R.C.*)

THEODORE. (*Entering up R.C.*) Dad—let somebody else do that. You'll get yourself all fussed.

WILLY. No—no, sirree! I do it myself. Den I know it's righd. (*Exits R.C.*)

SOPHY. (*Entering from R.*) Theodore, I was lookin' oud. De Huttons come now on de front door! Mein Gott, w'at we do mit 'em?

HERTHA. I'll go. (*BELL rings.*)

THEODORE. (*Stopping HERTHA*) No. Sophy, you let them in. (*To HERTHA*) I don't want them to see you acting like a servant. (*SOPHY nervously undoes her apron again and puts it in chair next to R. door.*) Hurry up! (*She crosses to L.C.*) And put some style on. (*SOPHY lifts her skirts and runs across, showing her white stockings. Laughing*) Golly! Look at the style. (*SOPHY exits L.C.*)

WILLY. (*Entering from up R.C., excitedly*) Dot's de Huttons! (*DOOR heard off. THEODORE exits L.C. WILLIE continues joyfully*) We do it up schwell! (*Crossing to pantry*) I wash my hants! I fixed a elegant fire. (*Exits R.*)

THEODORE. (*Heard off L.C.*) How do you do, Mr. Hutton? (*GREETINGS heard*) I'll put your things right here. (*Ad lib.*)

WILLY. (*Putting his head through R. door*) Hertha! Hertha! Dere's nodding but a dish-towel here! (*Lively swinging door comes back. WILLY ducks. HERTHA exits R. as HARRIET HUTTON enters L.C. She is a self-contained young woman of twenty-one. She is followed by SOPHY, who goes around*

rear of table, looking at her admiringly. HARRIET is beautifully gowned.)

HARRIET. (*Turning and speaking off R.*) Shall I go right in?

THEODORE. (*Off*) Yes, please. (*SOPHY has got to R. door, and is smiling at HARRIET as HERTHA enters from R. behind her. SOPHY snatches up her blue apron and disappears into the pantry.*)

HARRIET. I'm Harriet Hutton. You're Miss Engel, aren't you?

HERTHA. Yes—I'm Theodore's sister.

HARRIET. Odd that we never met before, isn't it? (*Shakes hands.*)

(*Enter HUTTON from L.C., followed by THEODORE.*

HUTTON is the complete type of reserved New England gentleman.)

THEODORE. Mr. Hutton, let me introduce my sister.

HUTTON. Ah, yes. I'm very glad to meet you, young lady. You've met Harriet? (*They bow. WILLY enters R.*)

WILLY. (*Again very expansively*) Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Hutton! (*He crosses and meets HUTTON C. in front of table. WILLY shakes him very enthusiastically by the hand*) Well—well—by Jo! Dot's a great pleasure to—

HUTTON. Thank you.

WILLY. Hertha, coffee. (*She exits R.*)

HUTTON. Please don't trouble, because—

WILLY. (*Closing HUTTON off*) Psch! Dot's no trouble.

HUTTON. (*Introducing HARRIET*) My daughter, Mr. Engel.

WILLY. (*Enthusiastically*) Well—well—by Jo! (*WILLY shakes hands with HARRIET*) 'Swonderful! Dere's no children any more. Ha, Mr. Hutton? We

don'd know how old we git until we see our babies already gitting married—hah? But sit down.

HUTTON. (*Not sitting*) We really can't stay a moment.

WILLY. Dot's nonsense! I don'd let you go so soon—de firsh time I got de pleasure to git you in our new house.

HUTTON. Your son was obliging enough to help us with a tire.

WILLY. (*Promptly*) Pst, oh, no! Not a word! Not a tscent! (*He looks proudly at THEODORE, who is sitting down L. with HARRIET.*)

(*Enter SOPHY and HERTHA R. with percolator and coffee-cake. They put percolator on sideboard rear. HERTHA pours out coffee.*)

HUTTON. Well, you'll really make me feel very uncomfortable, if you do not allow me to pay for it.

WILLY. Oh, Mr. Hutton, between friends, dot's nodding.

HUTTON. I'll send you a check in the morning.

WILLY. (*Flatly*) I don'd deposit it.

THEODORE. Guv'nor, don't insist.

WILLY. (*Perplexed*) No? (*Then turning to HUTTON again*) Well, I only hope that w'en you have anodder blowoud you make me one of de party too. (*They laugh.*) Dot's goot, hah? (*He nudges HUTTON in the ribs. HUTTON retreats.*)

THEODORE. Guv'nor! (*SOPHY has come down L. of HUTTON with a cup of coffee on a tray, which she offers to HUTTON.*)

WILLY. Ah, now we have some coffee. (*To THEODORE and HARRIET*) Come, children—

HUTTON. (*To SOPHY*) No, thank you. I never take it after breakfast. (*During the following dialogue SOPHY helps them ALL, as HERTHA serves*

from the percolator. SOPHY has the business of looking amazed at HUTTON for refusing coffee.)

WILLY. (To HUTTON, surprised and disappointed) No?

HUTTON. No. (SOPHY starts to offer the cup to WILLY.)

WILLY. (Imitating HUTTON's manner) No. (SOPHY is perplexed. She goes back to HERTHA. To HUTTON) Well, maybe someding elset I kin offer you? Hah? Maybe a little wine, hah? (Smacks his lips.)

HUTTON. I never drink, thank you.

WILLY. (Amazed) No? (HUTTON shakes his head.) Well, anyway a fine tsgar—someding special extra? (He goes for humidor on serving table up R.)

HUTTON. I've never smoked in my life.

WILLY. (Utterly nonplussed) No? (He looks HUTTON over) Well, by Jo! Tell me,—how do you schpend your money? (Puts humidor back after taking a cigar.)

HUTTON. Oh, pretty much as you do, I guess.

WILLY. (Biting off cigar) Yah, yah, it coshts someding to bring de children up dese days. Col-litch etchikashun, automobiles—Society. But why shouldn't dey have it while we're here mit 'em, hah?

HUTTON. That's one way to look at it, I suppose.

WILLY. (Lighting cigar) I build dis house, jusht for my Theodore. In a liddle while I hope he settles down. (Smiling) W'en de right girl comes along—Hah? (Looking at THEODORE and HARRIET talking together at L.) W'at you dink about it, hah?

HUTTON. (Having been admiring room) Splendid! Splendid!

WILLY. Dere's no use of two ways o' talking about it. I believe dat younk pebble should marry younk.

HUTTON. Yes—do you?

WILLY. (*Secretively pointing to THEODORE and HARRIET talking*) Look, Mr. Hutton. He's blonde. She's blonde. 'Swonderful!

HUTTON. (*Uncomfortably*) Yes—yes——

WILLY. (*With a wide gesture*) Dot's his—Carte-blanche! All his! My Theodore kin do w'at he likes!

HUTTON. Well, I'm a little old-fashioned and Puritanical, I guess. But I don't believe in spoiling a good colt by giving him his head too quickly.

WILLY. Ach, dot's all righd mit *girls*. Mit boys it's different. (*HUTTON shakes his head.*) Ah, you don'd know my Theodore. Pst, pst! (*Loudly*) So he don'd hear me. (*He motions HUTTON into chair R. of table. He draws around chair L. of table and sits with back to audience and speaks ad lib. to HUTTON. SOPHY comes, offering cake and coffee to HARRIET.*)

HARRIET. No, thank you.

SOPHY. (*Disappointed*) Welcome. (*Offering coffee and cake to THEODORE.*)

THEODORE. (*Waving her off*) No, thank you! (*He turns again to HARRIET.*)

SOPHY. (*Disgusted*) De poikolater coffee! (*She goes back to HERTHA, who motions her to take the things away. SOPHY takes things off R.*)

WILLY. Come, Mr. Hutton. I show you now upstairs. Und, you know, I got a *den*.

HUTTON. But——

WILLY. (*Taking HUTTON by arm and going with him toward exit R.C.*) Ach, dey don't miss us. Come dis way, Mr. Hutton. Und you know we got closets, dot as soon as you open de door de electric lighds goes on. Phwishts! 'Swonderful. (*HUTTON goes off upstairs, followed by WILLY. Turning at foot of stairs*) Hertha, come mit de keys. (*HERTHA passes WILLY and goes upstairs. WILLY continues, saying*) Go in the firshd door on de left, Mr. Hut-

ton. Dot's my den. (*Exits upstairs. After the OTHERS are off HARRIET rises, with a laugh.*)

THEODORE. Are you laughing at my father?

HARRIET. Oh, no. I was really laughing at *mine*.

THEODORE. My governor's a prince.

HARRIET. And mine's a prig. What made you build a new house here in Lynn?

THEODORE. Oh, I don't know. It's where I've always lived.

HARRIET. (*Fervently*) Don't you sometimes wish that you could get *away* from where you've always lived?

THEODORE. Why, I've been to college.

HARRIET. Oh, a college town—that's almost as dull as this. I mean a big city where something's doing—and people. Oh, I'm only a girl, and I can't get away, but I should think you would want to see something of *Life!*

THEODORE. (*Swaggering a little*) Well, I'll be in Boston a good deal this winter.

HARRIET. Yes——?

THEODORE. You see, I'm a partner now with Leland in the brokerage business.

HARRIET. You're a partner?

THEODORE. Ah, ha.

HARRIET. Then, maybe, you can advise me. I've got some money I want to invest.

THEODORE. But, surely, your father——

HARRIET. Oh, Father mustn't know anything about it. It's my own money. My grandmother left it to me, and it's nobody's business what I do with it. (*Secretively*) I've had a tip. What do you know about Homestead Oil?

THEODORE. I'll have my office look it up.

HARRIET. All right. Do.

THEODORE. Say! I think you're swell. (*Pause*) I'm buying a new car that will eat the road between this Sleepy Hollow and Civilization.

HARRIET. Oh, let me imagine it! You see, Father won't let our chauffeur go faster than a hearse. The only excitement we ever have is when we get a blowout, like this afternoon.

THEODORE. I'm glad you had that blowout.

HARRIET. Are you? Why?

THEODORE. If it hadn't been for that, we might never have met.

HARRIET. But from now on you'll be too busy to——

THEODORE. To what?

HARRIET. (*Leading him on*) To give that new car all the exercise it needs.

THEODORE. Perhaps you'll help me. Will you?

HARRIET. Tell me how I can?

THEODORE. Well, you might sit right next to me on the front seat and keep an eye out for the motor cops.

HARRIET. I know you're a wonderful driver.

THEODORE. How do you know?

HARRIET. Oh, I've noticed you.

THEODORE. Where?

HARRIET. Oh, never mind.

THEODORE. When am I going to have the chance to take you out?

HARRIET. I'm not allowed to go out with young men without——

THEODORE. Couldn't you manage it some way?

HARRIET. Well, we might call your new car the "Chaperone."

THEODORE. Good!

HARRIET. Perhaps you'll come and dine with us some evening, and then——

THEODORE. Be delighted.

HARRIET. When Father goes up to his library we, ah——

THEODORE. We'll take the "Chaperone" out for a run. When may I come?

HARRIET. I'll let you know.

THEODORE. It only takes a half hour to get to Boston, and if you like to dance——

HARRIET. They've got wonderful music at the Touraine. You come Thursday evening, and I'll arrange it some way. *(They have got very close together. THEODORE'S back is to French windows. At this point ROSIE enters from French windows. ROSIE is in her blue dress with a motor wrap on. She enters quickly, then suddenly sees them together and recoils a step; stands looking at them.)*

THEODORE. *(Continuing very eagerly)* Say, I'm for you! Can't I see you before Thursday? We've got to make up for lost time.

ROSIE. Oh——

HARRIET. *(Looking up)* Oh—why——?

THEODORE. What? *(They BOTH turn and see ROSIE together. Pause. He goes toward her down L.)*

ROSIE. *(Embarrassed)* I beg your pardon. I——

THEODORE. Why, Rosie, come in. *(ROSIE doesn't move. The GIRLS look at each other.)* Golly! Were you waiting all this time?

ROSIE. I was afraid something happened. You know you drive so recklessly. So I just came over to see what was the matter.

THEODORE. I was out on business with my partner. I should have 'phoned you, but it slipped my mind.

ROSIE. Oh—it doesn't matter.

HARRIET. *(Very self-possessed)* Won't you introduce me?

THEODORE. I beg your pardon. Miss Hutton—Miss Scheible.

HARRIET. I'm afraid I'm to blame for interfering with your plans. I hope you'll forgive me.

ROSIE. Oh, please!

THEODORE. (*To HARRIET*) I was going to take Rosie for a ride, that's all.

HARRIET. It's really too bad. (*Noticing ROSIE's clothes*) We don't like to be forgotten when we're all dressed up.

THEODORE. Oh, I remember the surprise. Something blue—and a motor wrap to match. But we'll have our ride some other time, eh—Rosie? (*ROSIE is left standing for a second; then with the composure of pride, she starts to go R. At this point HUTTON enters from stairs, followed by WILLY and HERTHA.*)

HUTTON. You've a very ambitious house, Mr. Engel.

WILLY. I betcher! Dere's no use o' two ways o' talking about it—w'en you do it do it right. (*Suddenly seeing ROSIE*) Hallo, Rosie.

HUTTON. Oh, this is the young lady I've seen in the stationery store. How do you do? (*He crosses to her and shakes hands cordially.*)

ROSIE. Very well, thank you, Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON. How is your uncle?

ROSIE. He's very well, thank you.

HUTTON. Tell him I'm still waiting for that promised game of chess. You must meet my daughter. (*HARRIET and THEODORE are absorbed in conversation at L.*) Harriet—Harriet, this is Miss Scheible.

HARRIET. We've just met.

HUTTON. Oh.

HERTHA. (*Seeing ROSIE's embarrassment*) Rosie—(*ROSIE goes to HERTHA up rear.*)

HUTTON. I always love to see her happy, cheerful face. (*ROSIE and HERTHA exit R., carrying the percolator and tray.*)

WILLY. Yah, she's a goot girl. She's the niece of my oldest friend. Und w'en her modder dies my

friend Scheible, he adopts her. Yah, she's jusht like a daughter in dis house.

HUTTON. Oh, I see. You mean your son and——

WILLY. No, no—I don'd mean w'at *you* mean. Jusht goot friends. Nodding more.

HUTTON. Oh, I beg your pardon. Come, Harriet. (HARRIET and THEODORE *exit* L.C.)

WILLY. What's de hurry?

HUTTON. I've got a vestry meeting before services.

WILLY. Well—now dat you know de way—und, ah, where we live, I hope——

HUTTON. Thank you.

WILLY. Mr. Hutton, I don'd play chess myself—but now that we meet socially, somedime—I give myself de pleasure to call now on you mit Theodore, hah?

HUTTON. Yes, do.

WILLY. Den dat's all right. (*Slaps him on the shoulder, as he exits*) I'm very glat—(*Etc. ad lib.* HERTHA *enters* R.; *gathers together the remaining coffee things. "Goodbyes" are heard off L.C. Re-entering L.C.*) Theodore walks mit 'em to de gate! (*He goes rapidly to French windows and calls out*) Goodbye, Mr. Hutton. Goodbye! Come soon again. (*Bowing and waving his hand*) Goodbye, younk lady. Come soon again. (*He comes down c., very much pleased*) I tell you, 'swonderful!

HERTHA. Papa, I've got something to say to you about Richard.

WILLY. Hah?

HERTHA. Papa, you like Richard, don't you?

WILLY. "Like Richard?" What's to like? (*Dismissing the subject*) I arg' enough mit Stasi about Richard. Don'd *you* begin. (*Pause*) Nu—well? What is it?

HERTHA. I want you to like him very much, because——

WILLY. Now, what happens?

HERTHA. Richard wants me to marry him.

WILLY. (*Staggered*) W'at! (*Suddenly exploding*)
De loafer! He's got nerve! (*He puts down his
cigar on the tray on table c. Controlling himself*)
And you let him propose to you?

HERTHA. I have promised to marry him.

WILLY. Since w'en?

HERTHA. This afternoon.

WILLY. He's here?

HERTHA. He's fixing Theodore's automobile.

WILLY. So—— (*Moving toward pantry quickly*)
Well, I saddle dot business righd away.

HERTHA. Papa. (*He stops at door.*) I wished to
speak to you first.

WILLY. So—Richard sends you to me, hah? He
don'd lose no time—dat feller.

HERTHA. He's waited all these years.

WILLY. Yah, he waits—he waits until he sees you
now in a fine big house.

HERTHA. You've no right to think that.

WILLY. Den why he waits 'til now? Fer all his
life we know him.

HERTHA. He had a sister to take care of.

WILLY. Hertha, that's nonsense! (*He turns to go
to R. door.*)

HERTHA. Papa—please! (*He turns toward her.*)
I've never asked you for anything.

WILLY. Hertha. I'm shurprised on you. (*Points
to chair R. of table*) Sit down. (*She does so.*) Now,
Hertha, listen—(*He stands R. of her chair*) —I do
efferyding a fader can to make his children some-
ding in de world. Und jusht now w'en your broder
begins to git into fine society you tell me you want
to marry a ordinary workman—a foreman in de
factory—a shoemaker!

HERTHA. What were you?

WILLY. (*Bursting*) Dot's got noddin to do mit

it! You shall be better den your fader. Dot's w'at I live for. What chanst has Theodore got to make a decent marriage w'en you bring home someding like dat—dat Richard! Och! (*He crosses to L. of table.*)

HERTHA. He's the only person in the world who's ever thought of me.

WILLY. (*Promptly turning on her*) Und de firsht feller dat comes along you take, hah? (*Changing his attack*) You got efferything you want, haven't you?

HERTHA. Oh, it isn't that.

WILLY. (*Bluntly*) Well—what is it?

HERTHA. It—it's no use, Papa. I can't tell you.

WILLY. (*Shaking his head*) No, you got righd to be ashamed. I neffer heard of such a *selfishness*. (*Sits L. of table*) W'at I do? Und w'at does Theodore do w'en you——? (*Pause*) Or, maybe, you dink you can bring him here to live mit us?

HERTHA. Oh, no. Won't you understand?

WILLY. (*With an effort at control again*) Now look, Hertha. I'm quiet. I don'd get excited now! But I tell you w'at dat Richard tries to do. He dinks maybe, if he's my son-in-law, I do someding special extra for him in de factory mit his crazy patents. und—— (*HERTHA makes a gesture of silence and an exclamation, as RICHARD enters R. Pause. He looks inquiringly from HERTHA to WILLY.*)

HERTHA. Richard, I've told my father.

WILLY. (*To RICHARD, gathering himself*) Yah, my daughter jusht tells me w'at you do today.

RICHARD. Yes. Well? (*Pause.*)

HERTHA. He refuses his consent.

WILLY. (*To HERTHA*) You keep quiet, or you go upshtairs.

THEODORE. (*Enters L.C.*) Well, Guv'nor, we made a fine beginning. Hello! (*Looking at them humorously*) Where's the corpse?

WILLY. Theodore, you git now a nice shurprise. Your sister tells me jusht now dat she and Richard—och——

THEODORE. What? (*Pause*) No, you're joking.

RICHARD. I've asked your sister to marry me.

THEODORE. (*With quick anger*) You—— (*THEODORE starts toward RICHARD.*)

WILLY. (*Quickly coming down and stopping THEODORE*) Dere's no argiment here. I refuse my consent. Dot's finished.

RICHARD. (*Quietly*) Then, Hertha, we must get along *without* your family's consent.

WILLY. (*Amazed*) So!

HERTHA. Richard!

WILLY. Hertha, go to your room. (*Points up stairs.*)

HERTHA. (*Her first disobedience*) No, Father.

WILLY. So! (*Choking*) You disobey your fader!?

HERTHA. (*Surprised at herself*) Yes——

WILLY. (*Bursting at RICHARD*) Dot's w'at *he* tells you to do, I shuppose! Anodder one of his new ideas! You two togedder—you begin a shtrike rightd here in my own family! (*To HERTHA*) But, so long as you are under my roof, *I* am de boss.

RICHARD. Then I'll take her under mine.

WILLY. (*Making over to him at R.*) You dink maybe I shtand dat nonsense! I know you, Richard—w'at you do. But not one tscent to Hertha if she marries you.

RICHARD. I'll manage to keep a roof over her head.

THEODORE. Over your *own* head, you mean.

WILLY. Ha, ha! Dot's it! Well, you don'd stay longer in *dat* house! (*Points off L.*) I kick you off dat proberty. Und I kick you oud de factory. Und you kin peddle your crazy patents 'til you find anodder fool like me to buy dem. Now I'm throu'

mit it! (*He goes up R. and stands with his back to them.*)

HERTHA. Papa, you can't do that! (*WILLY makes no move. She turns to THEODORE*) Theodore, don't let him do this heartless thing!

THEODORE. Father's right.

HERTHA. Theodore, it's for *your* sake he's doing this!

THEODORE. No. It's because you won't open your eyes and see what Richard's after.

HERTHA. Papa, Theodore can't help it. It's our fault. We've *made* him selfish. But *you*, Papa—don't kill the love I've had for you all these years.

WILLY. Schtill! I told you w'at I dink of him. I don'd want dat kind of feller hanging around!

HERTHA. Then I'll tell you what I think of *you*. Richard was good enough to make inventions for you—patents that you bought up—not to help him, but to hold him down!

WILLY. You say dose things to me?!

BERTHA. I heard *you* say so just this afternoon. You've taken his devotion, his loyalty, and given him nothing in return! But I won't let you do that any more.

WILLY. I told you I was through mit him—you—

HERTHA. Yes, and I—I too worked for you! I gave my youth to both of you—yes, my youth—just as Richard gave his. Until he spoke today I never knew what I had missed. And, then, I saw what you've been doing all these years with me and him. You've taken everything from both of us. And what is our reward? Your dreadful selfishness! We're good enough when we can serve you, but when we want to take the happiness that we have earned you'd like to stop us——

WILLY. Hertha, you're my daughter. You *obey me!* Go upstairs to your room!

HERTHA. Papa, you can't see that I've grown up. If you drive Richard out, you'll lose me, too!

WILLY. (*Terribly*) Hertha—you——

HERTHA. (*Continuing*) You'll try to stop me, but you can't!

WILLY. What——?!

HERTHA. If you turn Richard out, I'll go with him *now!!*

WILLY. (*In towering rage*) I got enough now!! I'll take you to your room!! (*He takes her by the arm and draws her toward the stairs. HERTHA resisting him, falls on her knees.*)

RICHARD. (*Quietly to WILLY*) Stop that. (*He takes WILLY by the left hand, releasing HERTHA, who remains on her knees. As WILLY feels RICHARD'S hand on his, he raises his right hand to strike*

RICHARD. HERTHA screams: "Papa! Don't!" RICHARD then catches the old man by his raised right arm, and with his greater strength, without a word, puts down the old man's hands. WILLY crumples and stands in dazed humiliation. RICHARD then lifts HERTHA from the floor, saying: "Come, Hertha.")

WILLY. (*Struggling for command*) She stays here!
(*WARN Curtain.*)

RICHARD. She goes with me.

WILLY. If Hertha goes mit you, I'm finished mit you both!

RICHARD. That's all right. I've tried my best to serve you as long as you would let me. I bear you no bitterness in business. It's the new and the old at war. But I'm going to marry Hertha. You'll want her back, but I swear by my dead father, I'll have to see you on your knees to me, as she has been to you this day, before I'll let her come. (*He crosses up L.; then turns*) Hertha——

WILLY. Hertha, you will do w'at I tell you. (*HERTHA, standing between RICHARD and WILLY, pauses a moment, looking from one to the other; then turns*

to RICHARD, as if impelled by something stronger than herself. HERTHA puts her hand in his. Together they exit L.C. WILLY is amazed beyond anger. He cannot believe it possible. He turns, stunned and speechless, toward THEODORE, but THEODORE betrays no sense of responsibility. The DOOR off L.C. is heard to close. The noise of the closing door jars WILLY into a sense of what has occurred. He pulls himself together) Theodore—go after Hertha. Give her dis from me—— (He whips out the bank-book from his back pocket and gives it to THEODORE.)

THEODORE. But, Dad, are you going to pay Hertha for leaving you?

WILLY. (Grimly) If she marries him, she'll need it.

THEODORE. But——

WILLY. (Savagely interrupting) Go ahead, Theodore! Dat belongs to her by righds! Und righd is righd! (THEODORE runs out L.C., leaving WILLY alone on the stage as the Curtain descends.)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE: *The scene presents the same room two years later. It looks very shabby. The curtains are worn. The room is disordered. A globe is off the electric light at the side. One of the lights in chandelier has burnt out. An old dark tablecloth has supplanted the doilies on the table, etc.; and many little indications in the arrangement and general menage of the room point to the absence of HERTHA'S directing hand. The doors of arch L.C. are closed.*

WILLY is discovered sitting L. of table c. under the electric light with a cup of coffee before him. He sits in his old big chair.

It is about 7:45 in the evening. WILLY is in his shirt-sleeves, smoking his pipe. His coat hangs on the back of his chair. His eyes are evidently poor, as he holds things very near to himself when reading. He has aged a bit and looks harassed. During the progress of the Act, he pendulates between hysterical hope and blank despair. Everything indicates a sharp decline in the ENGEL fortunes. WILLY reads over some opened letters; shakes his head ruefully; draws a long breath and calls out

WILLY. *(As if he had called her before)* Well, Sophy! *(Pause)* Sophy! *(She enters R. with a coffee-pot. SOPHY is dressed, not as in Act I, but*

far more carelessly. She wears carpet slippers, an old skirt, sleeves rolled up and a cloth on her head.)
Why don'd you come when I call?

SOPHY. Jusht w'en I tell dat grocery man you ain'd at home, you yell so de whole neighborhood can hear you. *(She gives him a bill.)*

WILLY. *(Dejected)* Sophy, don'd bring me no more bills. *(Pointing to table and letters.)*

SOPHY. You should eat someding before you look at bills. *(Pours coffee.)*

WILLY. Ach, I got no appedite to eat alone. *(Opens grocer's bill.)*

SOPHY. *(With an injured tone)* Und de roof leaks again in my room.

WILLY. *(Irritated)* Dere's twelf empy bedrooms upshtairs. Schleep in all of dem! *(Looking at the bill)* A hundred-twenty dollars! Mein Gott! De bills was neffer so big w'en Hertha was here! *(SOPHY sighs.)* Who eats all dat shtuff?

SOPHY. Dot's four mont's, like all de resht. *(Injured)* I don't eat noddink. *(Tearfully)* I git no wages now fer six mont's, Mr. Engel. Und w'en you dink dot's nice fer me, mit de butcher, und de baker, und all dem peeble ashkin' w'at's de matter, you got me wrong, Mr. Engel! *(Weeps.)*

WILLY. Dot's enough. Don'd you begin again.

SOPHY. *(Continuing tearfully)* I shave und schkrimp on effery tscent, and den w'en Mr. Theodore comes up von Boston mit his crowd, *he* orders dose dings.

WILLY. *(Impatiently)* Nah, nah. Dot's business undertainment.

SOPHY. *(Repeating scornfully)* Dot's business undertainment, hah? Yah, we got plendy champagne in de cellar, but no ice in de icebox.

WILLY. My Theodore soon makes lots of money.

SOPHY. *(With a snivel)* I don'd shtop him!

WILLY. Yah, und jusht now, dot's a bad market.

SOPHY. If de market's got all cushtimers like we are, it's no wonder it's bad. (*The PHONE rings on desk up L. WILLY makes an impatient gesture. Pause, as they look at each other suspensively. SOPHY asks*) Soll ich?

WILLY. Yah, geh mal hin.

SOPHY. (*Taking up receiver gingerly*) Hallo—yes——? No. Mr. Engel is oud of town on business. (*A look between them. WILLY nods.*) Who is it? (*Her face becomes shrewd and alert*) Oh, wait a minute. I git pencil und paber. (*She puts the reeciver upon her stomach; motions WILLY to come to her. He does so. She says secretively*) It's dat mortgage combany again. (*WILLY hastily puts his hand on the receiver which she has in her right hand and looks at her savagely.*) Was ist den?

WILLY. Dey hear you!

SOPHY. Och——

WILLY. Tell 'em I get down to der office mit some money tomorrer morning shure. (*She starts to speak.*) Wait! Firsht hear w'at dey say.

SOPHY. (*Speaks to receiver*) Hallo—Yah—Now I write it down. (*WILLY draws nearer. She repeats as if writing down the message*) De mortgage is overdone—Yah, yah, ich versteh—I undershtand—overdue—yah. If dot's not paid tomorrer, we musht take—(*Quickly*) —take what? (*Relieved*) Action—Oh, yah, action to foreclose—Yah——

WILLY. (*Nervously*) Say, w'at I told you!

SOPHY. (*Repeating into the receiver*) "Say what I told you."

WILLY. Psch! No, no! Sophy, w'at you do!

SOPHY. (*Confused by trying to listen to both WILLY and receiver*) Hallo!—Yah—Hah—Wait!

WILLY. (*Exasperated*) De money w'at I bring!

SOPHY. (*Putting receiver on her stomach*) Psch!! (*Business ad lib. She glares menacingly at WILLY. WILLY motions to phone.*) Hallo—Yah, Mr. Engel

leaves word—I shud say dat he is dere tomorrer morning mit some money.

WILLY. Shure!

SOPHY. (*Repeating again into phone*) “Shure!”

WILLY. Dot’s enough!

SOPHY. (*Repeating to phone*) “Dot’s enough!”

WILLY. (*Wildly anxious*) Mein Gott, Sophy, you——!

SOPHY. (*Kicking him away*) Geh doch weg!! (*WILLY retreats up R. She continues*) Yah, you know he’s got schtrikes und troubles in de factory. Yah—(*Puts down receiver and says to it after she has rung off*) —goodbye! Gott sei dank! (*Puts her hands to her ears and comes to L. of table.*)

WILLY. Git Carter right away.

SOPHY. (*After a look of misery*) Schon wieder a mal?

WILLY. (*Walking up and down*) Yah, quick! (*WILLY continues walking nervously as SOPHY goes again to the phone, which she takes up as if it were a snake.*)

SOPHY. (*Ringling up*) Hallo—Tscentral—Hallo? Gif me one—two—six—*Chestnuts!*—Yah.

WILLY. Carter waits.

SOPHY. Hallo? Dat’s you, Mr. Carter?—Hold de wire, please.

WILLY. It’s him, hah? (*SOPHY nods; gives him the receiver. She listens at the table.*) Hallo, Carter?—Yah—Carter, listen—You got dat contract fer de kennels proberty?—W’at! Signed!?!—Well, make him sign it tonight—Listen, Carter—Listen, git as much down as you can! I need it quick—But take anyding—Yah, yah—I sign dat deed tomorrer—You bring dat money righd up here tonighd—Yah, yah, dose bloodsuckers won’d wait no more fer dat interest on de mortgage—W’at?—Hutchinson comes in *now!*—All righd—Goodbye! (*He hangs up ex-*

citedly, and says to SOPHY) De agent jusht comes in to Carter.

SOPHY. (*Pointing to the bills*) W'at we do mit dese? (*DOOR off L.C. heard closing.*)

WILLY. (*Quickly*) Pst! Dot's Theodore. (*He waves her off to pantry*) Don'd say anyding aboud de mortgage on de house.

SOPHY. (*Taking coffee pot off R.*) Ich sag yah garnichts.

WILLY. Schon gut. (*He follows her down to R. exit. After SOPHY is off he turns as THEODORE enters L.C. THEODORE is pale and dissipated-looking.*) Well, Theodore, w'at's de news?

THEODORE. (*He picks up some mail left on desk; opens a letter during this scene and reads it, as he goes quickly and nervously across front of stage and down R.*) Good.

WILLY. Ah!

THEODORE. The market's hit rock bottom.

WILLY. So!

THEODORE. Yes. We know we can't lose any more.

WILLY. (*Quickly*) I t'ought you don'd speckilate?

THEODORE. Leland's gone in a little on his own. (*WILLY looks sharply at him.*) That's nothing to do with the firm.

WILLY. Yah. A broker shouldn't speckilate. Dot's a bad business.

THEODORE. Say, Guv'nor, if I had about three thousand, now's the time to buy.

WILLY. I got no money. Richard und dat Labor Pardy mit de fancy laws—dot fixed me. (*Trembling with emotion*) Und Theodore, jusht dink on it! *My men—my men oud on schtrike!*

THEODORE. (*Impatiently*) I know—I know! (*Swings down R. and begins to calculate on back of envelope of letter.*)

WILLY. (*Sitting in his big chair*) I can'd git over

it. Some dat I hat mit me fer over twendy years und neffer laid dem off. *My men* dot I worked und worried for! I couldn't be more shurprised if *you* went back on me!

THEODORE. (*Nervously*) I'd rather have *my* business. It's dog eat dog. There's no sentiment about it, and you know it!

WILLY. Dey didn't want to go—dey *hat* to! Richard und dat Labor Pardy makes it dot they *hat* to choin de union! Und w'en dot union called de schtrike de old fellers dey *cried* w'en dey went oud. *Dot broke my heart*. Dey knew dey always had it goot mit me. Dey *seyd* so. I lose money often. Dat's bad enough, but we git over dat. But my workmen—my workmen— (*In a rage*) Und *Richard* does dat! Yah, Richard! Und, beshides, de odder fellers git Richard's new machine! Yah, all his crazy patents, *I* buy! I shupport him 'til he makes dot last patent—de *real* one, und den he sells it to my compeditors! Yah, dot's my gratitude! (*Drinks coffee.*)

THEODORE. (*As if with a new idea*) Guv'nor, you put a mortgage on this house.

WILLY. (*Guiltily, startled*) W'at!

THEODORE. (*Eagerly*) You can easily raise several thousand.

WILLY. Theodore, why not sell de house? I don'd want it. I'm here alone mit Sophy.

THEODORE. Why, no!

WILLY. Yah, we was happier in de old blace, and we didn't know it. (*Sips coffee.*)

THEODORE. Selling takes time, and you can raise a mortgage right away.

WILLY. (*After a pause*) Theodore, we *can'd* put a mortgage on de house.

THEODORE. Why not? Now don't refuse me. I'm in terribly bad.

WILLY. I raised effery tscent I could on it already.

THEODORE. (*Angrily*) What! You've *already* mortgaged the house?

WILLY. (*Nodding*) Und now I got to sell de kennels proberly to pay de interest, elset dey foreclose on me tomorrer.

THEODORE. (*Enraged*) What have you done with the money?

WILLY. I gif mosht of it to you, fer your business, und—(*Significantly*) —odder dings. (THEODORE *swings down L. again.*) Yah, Theodore, you don'd save me nodding.

THEODORE. (*Accusingly*) They why did you raise me with the idea that I could *have* all I needed?

WILLY. I didn't dink you need so much. I'm sorry, Theodore, but can'd you hold back a liddle while? Look at dose bills. Dey're moshtly yours.

THEODORE. If you wanted me to be a tightwad, why did you try to make a *gentleman* of me? Why didn't you make me a *shoemaker*, and be done with it? (WILLY *drops his cup.*) What's the matter?

WILLY. (*Hiding his tears*) Someding gits now in my eye.

THEODORE. (*Comes behind table; leans over WILLY, contritely*) Dad, I'm sorry I said that. I got excited. (WILLY *pats THEODORE'S hand which is resting on WILLY'S arm. Pause. He turns again*) Have you spent *all* the mortgage money?

WILLY. How you dink we live fer dis whole year?

THEODORE. Well, what are you going to do about the factory?

WILLY. I went twice today to see Hutton at de bank.

THEODORE. (*Alarmed*) What did he say?

WILLY. (*Grimly*) Nodding. He wasn't dere.

THEODORE. (*Relieved*) You keep away from him until—well, I don't want anyone to know the real truth about things for a day or two, that's all.

WILLY. W'at you do now, Theodore?

THEODORE. I'm going to marry Harriet Hutton.

WILLY. W'at!

THEODORE. Then old Hutton can't force you to the wall.

WILLY. But, for my sake, Theodore, I don'd vant that you—und so all of a sudden—so mitoud love—you—ach, no! (*Shakes his head.*)

THEODORE. I love her well enough to marry her.

WILLY. But if old Hutton don'd consent?

THEODORE. After we're married what can he do about it?

WILLY. She agrees to dat?

THEODORE. She'll stand by me.

WILLY. My boy—my boy! Den dat's all righd. She loves you!

THEODORE. (*Practically*) You keep quiet about money, until after we're safely married. And then our troubles will be over.

WILLY. Och, Theodore, she's a fine girl, und she gets a fine feller. Anyways, I'm glat of effery tscent I shpend on you. Yah, she wouldn't *take* you, if you was a shoemaker! (*BELL rings.*)

THEODORE. Who's that? (*Enter SOPHY R. She crosses and exits L.C., drying her hands on her apron.*)

WILLY. Sophy is careful. I teached her. Maybe Carter comes now mit de contract.

SOPHY. (*Re-entering L.C.*) Mr. Scheible comes. (*SOPHY exits R.*)

THEODORE. Perhaps he'll stake you?

WILLY. Nix. If he could lent me any more, I wouldn't have to ask him.

THEODORE. Call me, if Harriet phones. (*Exits upstairs. Slight pause. STASI appears L.C.*)

WILLY. Hallo, Stasi. Come in.

STASI. Hallo, Willy. Wie gehts? (*STASI puts his hat on desk up L., then turns and meets WILLY, who crosses to him at L.*)

WILLY. Ganz gut. You soon git news—great news.

STASI. Good! Tell me.

WILLY. I always seyed, so lonk I got my Theodore, it all comes righd.

STASI. Fine. But what's de news?

WILLY. (*Remembering that he is not to tell of the engagement*) Oh, ah! Carter makes a contract fer de kennels proberdy.

STASI. Well, I'm glad that you get rid of it. You know I never wanted you to take dat property, anyhow.

WILLY. We don'd begin on dat, please.

STASI. All right. (*With his characteristic gesture.*)

WILLY. (*Likewise*) All right. (*They sit.*)

STASI. (*Promptly beginning*) I don't say anything more about it, but who buys that property?

WILLY. I don'd know. I dink dot Hutchinson buys it fer himself on speckilation.

STASI. That's nonsense! Why should *he* buy it?

WILLY. I don'd *know* why he should buy it! Ashk him!

STASI. Ach! So long you get your money, I don't care.

WILLY. Yah, I kin use it.

STASI. (*Pause. STASI shakes his head, rising*) Well, I git my pipe. (*Goes to sideboard drawer*) I thought I smoke a little while with you, 'til Rosie calls for me.

WILLY. (*Gets tobacco jar from serving table*) You don'd shtay mit me?

STASI. No, we go tonight to see a picture. (*WILLY opens the tobacco jar and pushes it towards STASI. STASI rises; puts his hand into the jar and recoils as he feels the potato in it. STASI takes out the potato, shows it angrily to WILLY and puts it down on the table; then fills his pipe. WILLY takes*

up the potato, jams it back into the jar and slams on the top. They BOTH turn away from each other; then simultaneously turn back. EACH makes his characteristic "All right" gesture and sits. WILLY lights his match on the match-holder. STASI lights his match on his shoe. They light their pipes.)

STASI. Say, Willy, I want to ask you something. I heard in Boston yesterday that Leland is gambling—that he buys those margins again.

WILLY. (*With finality*) Leland is my Theodore's partner. Dot saddles it.

STASI. That's just the trouble. That *don't* settle it. *You* got to settle it again, *because* he's Theodore's partner!

WILLY. Don't make me laugh! I can't saddle noddink.

STASI. Then get rid of him for Theodore's sake. (*Imploringly*) Willy, I know that he's a crook. He took your Theodore for a partner just to get credit with your money! *Stop him now*, before he goes too far!

WILLY. Stasi—Stasi—don'd arg' no more about it!

STASI. (*Continuing*) And the worst of it is, *you know*, down in your heart, you know that I am right.

WILLY. (*With conviction*) Down in my heart I know my *Theodore* is right!

STASI. (*Throwing up his hands*) What's the use I talk!

WILLY. It's no use.

STASI. Just like my Rosie. No matter what Theodore does, she always finds excuses for him. He's always right.

WILLY. Yah, Rosie. She knows better as you.

STASI. (*After a long puff*) I guess the women always do.

WILLY. No! Not always.

STASI. Yah, Willy, always. I'm an old bachelor, und day after day I see how much the women know and help the men. I got nothing to complain of. But my life would have been very different if the girl I wanted to marry long ago had wanted me.

WILLY. Und yet you dink de women ish always righd.

STASI. (*Tenderly*) Yah, Willy. Behind every man that makes success, there is a good woman some place. The man has the strength to work out in the world, but the woman has the principles. He *earns*; she *saves*. He *works*. She watches over him. We think we do it all. But, Willy, it's the woman that guides the man. Even me, my little Rosie. Hm. She's just like a little mother to me. You had your Matilda.

WILLY. (*Reminiscently*) Matilda died before I hat a dollar. But I owe efferyding to her. She made me shart oud fer myself.

STASI. Und then you had your Hertha.

WILLY. (*Shutting him off*) Blease, Stasi——

STASI. So long she was with you, things went good. Und look now what she does for Richard. He runs the biggest factory in Concord.

WILLY. W'at for you speak of him?

STASI. I speak of *Hertha*, Willy.

WILLY. Und I don'd vant to hear of *him*.

STASI. (*Quietly*) All right!

WILLY. All right! (*They subside over their pipes.*

WILLY goes over behind STASI. He touches him on the shoulder) Say, Stasi, why all of a sudden you shpeak of women, Stasi?

STASI. Because I'm thinking, when Theodore gets married and settles down, things will be different with him. A good wife will make a steady man of him.

WILLY. Well, I dink he's goink to marry soon. We talked about it jusht tonighd.

STASI. Und Rosie, she will keep him straight and save his money.

WILLY. Rosie——?

STASI. (*With a smile*) Yah, she will tell him how to run his business. What you can't do and I can't do, she'll do. (*Pause of embarrassment for WILLY.*)

WILLY. Mein Gott, Stasi—Och—it's—well—I—

STASI. What's the matter with you?

WILLY. I don'd know how to tell you.

STASI. What?

WILLY. Dere's a terrible mishtake someblace.

STASI. Mistake?

WILLY. Lishten, Stasi. W'at gifs you de idea my Theodore marries Rosie?

SOPHY. (*Quizzically*) Nu, Willy—what gives me the idea!?

WILLY. Yah——

STASI. (*Seriously*) Willy, that's one thing I don't joke about.

WILLY. Neither do I. I don'd choke.

STASI. Say, wait a minute—what you mean? That Theodore marries someone else after—?

WILLY. My Theodore soon marries Harriet Hutton.

STASI. What!?

WILLY. Dot's de great news. Und now you know it.

STASI. Willy, I don't believe you.

WILLY. (*Tenderly*) Stasi, you dink I lie to you?

STASI. (*Repeating to assure himself*) You tell me Theodore marries Harriet Hutton?

WILLY. Dey were engadjed dis afternoon.

STASI. My poor Rosie! My poor little Rosie! Mein Gott! That will break her heart! (*Turning accusingly*) Und you—you knew!?

WILLY. I gif you my word, I didn't know a ding about it 'til tonight.

STASI. But don't you see, Willy. That's a terrible thing?

WILLY. (*Helplessly*) W'at kin I do?

STASI. And with all my experience of the world, I couldn't save my little Rosie from this. (*He rises*) Oh, I was wrong! I knew! I should have said "no" right from the beginning and shtuck to it! I shouldn't have allowed my Rosie to put her trust in Theodore, no matter *what* he said!

WILLY. (*Going to STASI*) Stasi—Stasi—we're old fellers. We can't manach de younk peeble dese days. I'm awful sorry if Rosie thought——

STASI. (*Turning on him*) You blind fool!!

WILLY. What!!

STASI. I say now what I think! Where's Theodore?

WILLY. What you want mit him?

STASI. You call him down, or else I call him down. (*Scornfully*) Maybe he's afraid to come?

WILLY. (*Likewise*) Afraid for you?

STASI. We see!

WILLY. (*Defiantly*) All right!

STASI. (*Likewise*) All right! (*Moves down L. and gathers himself.*)

WILLY. (*Goes to stairs and calls loudly*) Theodore! (*Then with a change to mildness*) Theodore—

THEODORE. (*Upstairs*) Yes.

WILLY. Come down here.

ROSIE. (*Enters R.*) Good evening, Uncle Willy.

WILLY. (*Very tenderly*) Hallo, Rosie—Och——

ROSIE. (*Smiling*) Oh, are you and Uncle Stasi quarreling again?

STASI. Rosie, sit down.

ROSIE. (*As STASI puts her in chair down L.*) But it's time that we were going.

THEODORE. (*Entering excitedly downstairs*) Is Harriet on the wire? (*Seeing them*) Oh, excuse me! (*He starts to go off again.*)

STASI. We excuse you in a minute.

WILLY. Come in, Theodore. We musht ask you someding.

THEODORE. What's the matter?

STASI. (*To THEODORE, commandingly*) Come here!

THEODORE. Hello, Rosie. Why—— (*Moves toward her.*)

STASI. (*Savagely*) You keep away from *her!*

ROSIE. (*Rises, anxiously*) Why, Uncle Stasi, what has happened?

STASI. (*Tenderly but firmly*) Sit down. You do now what *I* tell you, please.

ROSIE. But——

STASI. Shtill!! (*He puts her again in chair down L. To THEODORE*) You may remember, Theodore, that for years now, you have made love to my Rosie. (*A start from WILLY.*) Oh, I didn't want it! Last year you promised her to marry her. I liked that even less.

THEODORE. That's between Rosie and me.

STASI. No! That's *my* reshponsibility now.

ROSIE. (*Hysterically*) Uncle Stasi, take me home!

STASI. (*Peremptorilly*) Shtill!

WILLY. (*Solemnly*) Theodore, tell me the truth. Righd is righd. Did you?

THEODORE. (*In perplexity*) Why, I don't consider that promise seriously—we—— (*ROSIE sinks into the chair and buries her face in her hands.*) That was just a boy and girl affair.

STASI. (*Relieved but passionately*) Ah! That's exactly what I always told her! (*Turns pitifully to ROSIE*) But she don't *believe* me! (*Again severely, turning to THEODORE*) So I bring you down that you shall tell her that with your own lips! (*Goes tenderly to ROSIE*) I hope my Rosie now will see how foolish it is for her to eat her heart out. (*To*

THEODORE) On account of such a damn loafer as you are!

WILLY. (*Immediately defensive*) Stasi! You can't say such dings about my Theodore!

STASI. (*Turning on WILLY*) Then I speak of *you!* Because, Willy, you're to blame. You made him what he is. (*Scornfully*) A chentleman! Because of *him* you make a break with Richard. I told you then that you should shpend your money on *Richard's* new ideas, and not on *Theodore's!* I told you, Theodore takes your money and makes a beggar out of you, and of *himself* he makes a loafer! But, thank Gott! He don'd make no more a fool of my *Rosie!*

ROSIE. (*Rising*) No! I'm to blame for this.

STASI. What?

ROSIE. Yes. (*She goes to THEODORE*) Theodore, I was wrong to think you were in earnest, when you—— And maybe I boasted a little to the other girls whenever you took me out in your big automobile. And if people didn't think we had some kind of understanding, I couldn't have gone with you so often. You see, I'm quite grown up now—and so are you—and people—— (*She tries to laugh, but it is almost a sob*) But I want you not to think about me any more. I've not been very well. And Uncle Stasi thought I was grieving about *you*. But now it's all cleared up. (*She sinks into a chair.*)

STASI. What's cleared up?

WILLY. (*Going to her tenderly*) Rosie's all right. You put crazy ideas into her head, too.

STASI. I know what I know.

WILLY. Und I know you *don't* know.

STASI. All right!

WILLY. All right!

SOPHY. (*Entering R.*) Mr. Engel, Mr. Hutton comes now up de path.

WILLY. (*To SOPHY, waving her off L.C.*) In a

minute. (*At mention of HUTTON, ROSIE rises quickly.*)

ROSIE. Come, Uncle Stasi. Goodbye, Uncle Willy. (*STASI gets his hat from desk up L.*)

WILLY. (*Very tenderly*) Yah, goodbye, Rosie. (*Goes toward her.*)

STASI. (*With great dignity taking ROSIE away from him*) Yah, we leave you to your new friends; but remember, Willy, you lose today a old one. (*He exits with ROSIE through French windows.*)

WILLY. (*Much moved, starts to follow STASI. Calling*) Stasi—Stasi! (*He stands looking after them.*)

THEODORE. Dad, put on your coat. (*Brings him his coat.*)

WILLY. (*Makes a gesture of futility. Perplexed*) I don't like it dat liddle Rosie cries like dat.

THEODORE. (*Has quickly gathered up the bills and letters from the table c.*) What's Hutton come for?

WILLY. (*Getting into his coat*) I don't know. (*Suddenly to THEODORE, who is putting the bills, etc., out of sight in desk up L.*) Say, Theodore, you better tell him about Harriet.

THEODORE. Not a word! Let *him* do the talking. (*He closes desk as HUTTON enters L.C. HUTTON'S manner is very reserved and suspensive. SOPHY goes behind table and exits R.*)

WILLY. (*Absently*) Goot evenink, Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON. (*To WILLY*) Good evening.

THEODORE. How d'ye do?

HUTTON. Very well, thank you. (*There is a suspensive look among all THREE.*) I was just going to a Bank Directors' meeting at our Treasurer's house, down street, so I thought I'd step in a moment on my way.

WILLY. Dot's very nice of you. Sit down.

HUTTON. (*Sitting L. of table*) Thanks. I heard that you were at the bank today.

WILLY. Oh, yah. I jusht shtopped round on de way to de factory, down *your* shtreed. Und I jusht dropped in fer a moment.

HUTTON. (*Laconically*) Yes, *twice*.

WILLY. Yah, yah—— (*Embarrassed*) Going *down* und coming *back*. But dere's noddin in per-tickel——

HUTTON. Come, now, hadn't we better be open with each other, Mr. Engel?

WILLY. Yah, shure—but we——

THEODORE. (*Moving as if to go*) Would you prefer that I——?

HUTTON. No. I'd like you to remain.

THEODORE. Oh, certainly.

HUTTON. (*To WILLY*) I had an idea that you wanted the bank to give you a little more time on the mortgages and notes we hold of yours.

WILLY. If you could renew dem—or exshtend de time. De factory ish dere. You got security.

HUTTON. I know you've had great difficulties. The strikes have hurt us all a little.

WILLY. Yah, Mr. Hutton, fer t'ree mont's not a stitch! Und my men—— I can't shpeak about it!

HUTTON. You've been a good friend to your workmen. You've had to suffer for the *bad* employer. And in such times one *needs* one's friends. Yours is the o'dest account we have. I personally would like to see you on your feet again. I don't want to intrude advice, but I suggest you make what terms you can with the trade unions. And if your factory is prepared to start, our bank will help you.

WILLY. Don'd dink I don'd appreciate dat.

HUTTON. (*Nods, then turns to THEODORE*) And now, young man, I had an idea *you* might want to talk to me as well.

THEODORE. (*Nervous, but charming and eager as he rises*) Yes, sir. About what, sir?

HUTTON. My daughter Harriet.

THEODORE. Then—ah—she's told you?

HUTTON. That you made her an offer of marriage.

THEODORE. Well, that's true, sir. *(Pause.)*

WILLY. Well—ah—w'at you dink about it, Mr. Hutton?

HUTTON. May I speak frankly?

WILLY. Like your own family.

HUTTON. I wish to be satisfied that your son is the man to whom I can safely trust my girl.

WILLY. You kin trusht my Theodore. I trusht him mit all I got in de world.

HUTTON. There's where I think you've made a great mistake.

WILLY. Hah?

HUTTON. Yes, you've trusted him with all you had. But how has he discharged that trust? That's what I want to know. That's what I'm entitled to know.

WILLY. Of course his business cost me someding—like effery business at de beginning. *(Proudly)* But he gits a chentlemen's shtart.

HUTTON. Why didn't your son enter your business?

WILLY. I didn't want dat he should be a shoe-maker.

HUTTON. *(To THEODORE)* Your father's business at least is honorable and useful.

THEODORE. What do you mean, Mr. Hutton?

HUTTON. I've had our Boston man look up your partner.

THEODORE. You mean Mr. Vaughn Leland?

HUTTON. Our Boston director called him a very ugly name. His dealings have been far from honest.

WILLY. Mein Gott! We didn't—

HUTTON. *(To WILLY)* Before you gave your son a hand in your affairs you were one of the most

respected merchants in this city. Where do you stand now? I dislike speaking of money matters. I only refer to them because my business has taught me to judge men's characters by the way they handle money.

WILLY. Den you oppose de match?

HUTTON. No. My daughter says she loves him. I respect her feeling. Therefore I can exact that you respect mine as well.

WILLY. Dat goes mitoud saying.

THEODORE. Mr. Hutton, what do you want me to do?

HUTTON. Cut your questionable associations, make something of your life, and prove yourself to be all that we hope you are. You both are young. I wish you both to look on me as on a friend—and not to continue secret meetings. That's understood. (THEODORE *nods*. *Offering his hand to THEODORE*) Good luck, young man.

THEODORE. (*Shaking his hand*) Thank you!

HUTTON. (*Moving up*) They're waiting for me.

WILLY. (*Taking HUTTON off L.C.*) Dot's very nice of you to come dis evening. (*Etc. ad lib. As WILLY and HUTTON exit the R door opens cautiously and CARTER appears.*)

CARTER. (*Suppressed tone*) Theodore—I've something to ask you.

THEODORE. Well, you've lost, like all of us. Don't squeal.

CARTER. (*Anxiously*) Did Hutton say anything about Leland?

THEODORE. He said you let us in with a crook. But that's old stuff.

CARTER. But is it all right with Hutton and the factory?

THEODORE. Why, of course.

CARTER. (*Giving a telegram to THEODORE*) Oh. This was at the office for you.

THEODORE. (*After reading the telegram*) From Williams at the Boston office. Asks me to call him up this evening. They must be working late.

CARTER. The market's hit rock bottom. I heard downtown that the Chemical Stock Leland underwrote has gone to Hell.

THEODORE. (*Starts for the phone and then comes back*) I'd better run down to Boston tonight and put the brakes on Leland. (*WILLY is heard singing his old song as he approaches.*) Don't worry Dad.

WILLY. (*Enters L.C., singing joyously again*) Well, my boy, my boy—I dink I can congratulate you! (*THEODORE turns away. Encouragingly*) Don'd be knocked down! Be like your fader! We hat a great success. I tell you, Carter, dis old brain of mine—I got already a idea! (*To THEODORE*) You better sell out to dat feller Leland. I don'd want you mixed in mit him. Und you begin mit me. W'at we lose on him, we pay fer our experience, so *don'd* worry. (*To CARTER*) But I fergit— You got dat contract signed?

CARTER. (*Reaching in his pocket*) Yes. (*Gives him a contract.*)

WILLY. (*To THEODORE*) You see? (*To CARTER*) Und how much down?

CARTER. Hutchinson promised that his customer would have three thousand here in cash before ten tomorrow.

WILLY. Carter, you're a fool! Dot contract ish no goot mitoud consideration.

CARTER. Hutchinson paid me a hundred dollars down to bind it.

WILLY. Den dot's all righd. You got dat money? (*CARTER nods and gives it to him. To THEODORE*) You see? (*To CARTER*) Who buys dat proberdy?

CARTER. He wouldn't say.

WILLY. (*Shrewdly*) Dot Hutchinson, he buys dat fer himself on speckilation. (*Going to desk up*

L.) Come, Carter. I got courage now to look at bills. (*He gathers a heap of them*) Yah, some money in de hand again! (*To THEODORE, with great sentiment*) And we kin keep de house. Come, Carter. I put dat contract in de safe upshtairs. (*Crosses and goes toward exit R.C.*) Yah, if you didn't make so goot a contract fer dat proberdy, I'd tell you someding about dat feller Leland. (*Severely*) Come, Carter, I tell you anyway! (*CARTER exits upstairs. WILLY starts to follow him, when THEODORE exclaims.*)

THEODORE. Dad! (*WILLY turns. THEODORE goes up to him and speaks almost tearfully*) Dad, you don't think I'm as rotten as Uncle Stasi says, do you? It seems I've brought nothing but unhappiness to everybody.

WILLY. (*Tenderly, bucking THEODORE up*) My boy! Remember dis. *I believe on you*, so don'd worry. De bat times is over. (*Going to stairway*) Schleep goot, my boy. (*Turning on the stairs*) I could be very heppy only—only I don'd like it dat little Rosie cries like dat. (*THEODORE stands contritely. WILLY exits upstairs. After he is off THEODORE goes quickly to the pantry and calls.*)

THEODORE. Sophy!

SOPHY. (*Voice off*) Yah, Theodore?

THEODORE. Come here, please.

SOPHY. (*Voice off*) All right.

THEODORE. (*Goes to phone*) Hello—— Hello—— Long distance, please.—Yes.—I want to speak to Boston—Tremont eight-eight-O-one—— That's it.—Yes, call me, please. (*He hangs up receiver as SOPHY enters*) Will you pack my suitcase, please? I'm going to Boston right away.

SOPHY. Tonighd yet?

THEODORE. (*Nods*) Be quick about it. (*SOPHY exits upstairs. THEODORE starts to follow her as HARRIET enters through the French windows*) Har-

riet! You wonderful girl! You told your father, after all.

HARRIET. (*Coldly*) Some busybody saw us dancing at the hotel and told Father. There was an awful scene. I had to say we were engaged,—even threatened to marry you right away, or else Father would have interfered with everything.

THEODORE. But Harriet—

HARRIET. (*Impatiently*) Look here,—I've got to call for him at half-past nine. What do you mean by the letter you left for me this evening? Have you put my money again where there's danger of my losing it?

THEODORE. Now don't be unjust, Harriet. I didn't want you to go on margin, but you insisted.

HARRIET. I insisted because you said the stock was good.

THEODORE. It is good.

HARRIET. Yes,—so good that now you ask me to give you *more* money or lose everything.

THEODORE. Oh, I would have done anything I could to protect your holdings; but as I can't and time is short, I *had* to tell you.

HARRIET. Will three thousand make me safe?

THEODORE. Yes.

HARRIET. Well, here it is. (*She takes an envelope with three one-thousand-dollar bills out of her breast*) And it's the last. (*SOPHY is heard singing as she comes down stairs.*) Who's that?

THEODORE. Only Sophy.

HARRIET. I don't want anybody to see me here.

THEODORE. Then just step out in the hall. (*HARRIET slips out of sight, L.C. SOPHY enters, carrying a suitcase and still singing. She places suitcase on the floor R.C.*) Thank you, Sophy.

SOPHY. (*Stops singing to say*) Welcome. (*She resumes her singing as she exits R.*)

HARRIET. (*Coming down*) Where are you going?

THEODORE. To Boston on the nine-fifty-five. I'm sorry, dear, you've been so disappointed.

HARRIET. (*With a sneer*) That helps a lot.

THEODORE. Why, Harriet, we're not going to quarrel——

HARRIET. No. We're just going to end things right here and now.

THEODORE. End things? (*Pause.*) You mean that you don't love me?

HARRIET. Oh, don't be sentimental. Keep to business and protect my investments. (*She extends the money to him.*)

THEODORE. If you feel that way, I'd rather you'd have someone else attend to it.

HARRIET. Huh! No doubt. After having involved me, you're perfectly willing to shirk responsibility. You know very well I can't attend to this myself. You've got to help me out. (*She puts the money on the table.*)

THEODORE. Very well.

HARRIET. I'd like a receipt. Count it, please.

THEODORE. (*Stares at her a second; counts the money, then sits R. of table and writes a receipt on the back of his card, saying*) Certainly. (*He gives her the card. She looks at it carefully.*)

HARRIET. That will do. (*Moves L.*)

THEODORE. Harriet, all this *can't* be true! It isn't possible that you and I are standing here disputing over business when we—— (*Moves toward her.*)

HARRIET. Do you think I ever intended to marry you?

THEODORE. You mean that you've just made a fool of me?

HARRIET. Oh, you made a fool of yourself. Just because I drove and danced with you, and perhaps flirted a little, is no reason to think I'd marry you.

THEODORE. Harriet!

HARRIET. I gave you credit for more brains. Now, you've got my money, and I've got your receipt. So I expect you to make good for the first time in your life. *(She flings out through the French windows. THEODORE stands crushed. He picks up the money mechanically. The PHONE bell rings. He pays no attention. It rings again. He goes to it, unconsciously holding the money.)*

THEODORE. *(At phone)* Hello—— Oh, yes, I put in a call—— Hello—— Is this the office of Leland & Engel?—Oh, that you, Williams?—I'm coming right down—— Carter told me—— What?—Why not?—Speak slower——to warn me——? What do you mean?—Sheriffs——? *Receiver sealed the books, pending investigation?!*—But where's Leland?—Gone?—Gone where?—You don't know!! *(His voice climbs in horror)* —*Speculating!*—— He's taken clients' money!!—Ran away! ?—Good God! —What?—*Detectives! ?—Police are after me! ?* *(He stands transfixed with fear and then controls himself)* Oh, that's all right—— Don't worry about me—I'll be all—— *(He puts up the receiver and runs to the foot of the stairs, crying, "Dad—Dad!" like a fear-smitten boy. He stops short with his hand over his mouth, mumbling)* No,—I won't do that. *(He suddenly becomes conscious of the three thousand dollars in his hand. Then his eyes fall on his suitcase standing where SOPHY left it. His eyes grow big with decision, and he obeys only one impulse now. He puts the money into his pocket, goes to the sideboard, takes out a time-table from the drawer, runs his finger quickly down the list of trains; consults his watch, all the time mumbling incoherently under his breath. Then he takes a sheet of paper and an envelope from the table, sits down and writes a hasty note. At this point WILLY is heard singing his old song upstairs.)*

THEODORE rises and puts the half-written note and envelope into his pocket. He crosses hastily, picks up his hat and coat, seizes his suitcase, goes to the foot of the stairs, pauses, then overcome, he runs out L.C. Pause. WILLY comes downstairs in conversation with CARTER.)

WILLY. (*Confidently*) Yah, soon we see schmoke in de chimneys once again. (*Crossing behind table*) I telephone dat trade union delegate in de mornink. If we got to do business mit dem, we do it. In de long run it's easier.

CARTER. (*Following him*) What time will you be down?

WILLY. I'm at my office eight o'clock. (*Turns off SIDE LIGHTS*) I git some ready money in de morning. We dishcount de bills. Hutton arranges dat. (*Turns off LIGHTS in chandelier.*)

CARTER. (*Admiringly*) You've got stuff in you yet, Mr. Engel.

WILLY. Yah, when you got money you git nerve. (*The LIGHTS are all out except the small lamp on desk up L.*) We make anodder fight mit dose competitors. Schleep goot. (*Exit L.C. with CARTER.*)

(*The stage is quite dark. MOONLIGHT comes in through French windows. At this moment the door from the pantry is opened cautiously and SOPHY enters and motions off for someone to come in.*)

SOPHY. Carter goes. Your father comes right back already. (*HERTHA enters; passes SOPHY, then turns. HERTHA has an old-fashioned Paisley shawl over her shoulders.*)

HERTHA. Sophy! (*Embraces her.*)

SOPHY. (*Tearfully*) Yah, we miss you, Hertha. (*Kisses her; then with a sigh*) It's different since you gone away.

HERTHA. How is he?

SOPHY. Troubles.

HERTHA. I know.

SOPHY. Und we don't git younger no more, Hertha. He comes now. (*WILLY is heard humming his old song joyfully off L.C.*)

HERTHA. That's what he used to sing.

SOPHY. Yah—dat song. De lonelier he gets, Hertha, de more he sings. (*She exits R.*)

(*WILLY enters L.C., still humming. He goes to French windows; closes and locks them with a latch, then puts chair down L. into its place. Still humming, he goes toward table C. for his pipe and tobacco. The MOONLIGHT from the French windows falls upon HERTHA standing R. of table. The dim light makes HERTHA look very mysterious and ghostly. WILLY starts to pick up his pipe. His eyes fall upon HERTHA. He stops singing abruptly in the middle of a phrase and stands looking at her, amazed as at a ghost. Pause.*)

HERTHA. Papa! (*He stands stock still.*) Papa—(*No movement. Pause. Then he sinks without a word into the chair L. of table.*) Papa, you—! (*Frightened, she goes to him.*)

WILLY. 'S all righd. (*Waves her off and vaguely rubs his eyes*) I t'ought fer a minnit it was your modder.

HERTHA. (*Twitching her shawl*) This was her shawl.

WILLY. Yah so. (*He pulls on the LIGHT in lamp on the table.*)

HERTHA. How have you been?

WILLY. (*Attempting to rally his pride*) You see—we—ah—we git along mitoud you.

HERTHA. (*Looking around room*) Yes.

WILLY. Since w'en you come to Lynn?

HERTHA. We're at the hotel over night.

WILLY. You're here mit—mit *him*?

HERTHA. Richard had some business here in town tonight, and I came with him.

WILLY. (*Truculently*) Yah! Richard has lots of business here in town mit my compeditors!

HERTHA. That's why I wanted to see you. (*Slips off her shawl, which she allows to fall in chair R. of table.*)

WILLY. (*Bristling*) Richard sends you to me again—hah?

HERTHA. He doesn't know I'm here.

WILLY. Den—you—better go way again. So long as you schtick by him against your fader, shtay mit him.

HERTHA. Haven't you missed me, Papa?

WILLY. (*With unconscious pathos*) You choosed your life. So I try not to dink about it. (*He turns away.*)

HERTHA. Papa, wouldn't you like to know your grandchildren?

WILLY. (*A hesitant smile comes over his face as he turns to her*) You got—children?

HERTHA. Yes, two of them.

WILLY. What? *Two*?

HERTHA. Who'll want some day to know their grandfather. (*Pauses*) You'd love them, Papa.

WILLY. (*Turning away*) *His* children.

HERTHA. But *mine* too!

WILLY. (*Turning back to her*) Boys?

HERTHA. Both boys.

WILLY. (*Overcome*) 'Swonderful! Yah, boys ish besht. Girls—— (*He makes a deprecating gesture*) You give 'em efferyding you can—some feller comes along—dey leave you. Boys cosht you more; but anyway you *got* 'em w'en you *need* 'em! Dere's my Theodore. He was expensive right von

de beginning. He cosht me his modder. (*Proudly*) But no matter w'at happens, he *sticks* by de old man!

HERTHA. Papa, *I* would like to help you, too. If you would let me.

WILLY. I don't need any help.

HERTHA. Papa, when I left you, you gawe me ten thousand dollars.

WILLY. Yah—well——?

HERTHA. I thought that if—— (*She offers him the bankbook he gave to her in Act I.*)

WILLY. I don'd touch a penny of it.

HERTHA. But why?

WILLY. I gave dat to you in your modder's name. That belongs to you by righd. Und righd is righd.

HERTHA. But I don't need it now. I know *you do*.

WILLY. (*Obstinately*) We don'd arg' no more about it. Not a sound more! (*With a change*) You keep dat fer de boys.

HERTHA. Are we to go on this way again?

WILLY. Den why you come jusht now? Fer two years I shtay here und wait und wait—t'rou' all de hart times! W'en Richard und dot crowd does his besht to force your fader oud of business, you shtay away! Now you come; but now it is too late!

HERTHA. Papa!

WILLY. You come now because he tells you dat de old man's finished! But he ain't! Yah, I tell you now I did hat hart times. Nighd efter nighd I walk de floor und dink dat it's my old frient's son und my own daughter's husband dat makes me all dis trouble!

HERTHA. And how do you think *I* felt through all this time? You hating Richard and Richard hating you. I've had to bear the burden of both your hates until I thought my heart would break with it!

WILLY. Yah, Richard—he——

HERTHA. You drove Richard out. He had to go

somewhere to earn a living and he went to your competitors. They welcomed him. But at every step that Richard climbed, I've seen *you* go down and down, until your factory is closed— And that thought has poisoned all the happiness I could have had in Richard's great success! (*With a cry*) I've been just like our mother. She prayed for a son to make you happy. And when he came it killed her. I have prayed for Richard's luck, and now that it has come—it's killing *me*!! (*Sinks into chair R. of table and buries her face in her hands.*)

WILLY. (*Hesitating and moved*) Dings happen—somedimes, dat peeble can't help demselves. (*He caresses her shoulder awkwardly*) Well—w'at you want dat I shall do?

HERTHA. (*Fervently*) Make friends with Richard.

WILLY. (*Suddenly changing*) Now we got it! I should got to *him*! Dot's w'at he wants! Yah, he hears maybe dat I begin again, and so he gets a-scared of w'at I do mit his crowd in de shoe business!

HERTHA. Papa, can't you think one generous thought of him?

WILLY. (*Bluntly turning on her*) Den *why* you come?

HERTHA. I've wanted to save *you*, for you're the one that needs me. (*Deprecating gesture from WILLY*) Papa, Richard has come tonight to buy your factory over your head!

WILLY. W'at!

HERTHA. There's a meeting of the bank that holds your mortgages. Richard's there!

WILLY. So!

HERTHA. They're going to drive you out of business! So I hoped that if in any way that I—if I could make you friends—

WILLY. You go back und tell him dis—

HERTHA. (*Interrupting*) I can tell him *nothing* about you!

WILLY. Den let him do w'at he *likes!* You needn't be afraid fer *me.* Jusht dink on *him!* Und w'en dat Richard goes to de bank tonighd to buy my fectory, my friendt, de *President,*—my *friendt,* Mr. Hutton—he tells him someding! (*DOORBELL rings.*)

HERTHA. Psch!

(*SOPHY enters R.; exits L.C.*)

WILLY. Who comes now? (*HERTHA goes swiftly to French windows; unlocks them cautiously and looks out. She gives a sudden start and comes back quickly to WILLY.*)

HERTHA. (*Frightened*) It's Richard! What can he——?

WILLY. W'at! Richard! (*Suddenly in rage*) I don'd want dat he——! (*He makes up toward exit L.C.*)

HERTHA. (*Stopping him*) Oh, Papa, maybe he's come to make peace with you. He's doing something that I never thought he could.

SOPHY. (*Entering L.C., surprised*) Mr. Richard comes!

HERTHA. (*To SOPHY, whispering*) You didn't tell him that I——?

SOPHY. (*Bluntly*) I don't say nodding to nobody no more!

HERTHA. Papa—for *my* sake don't refuse to listen to him. (*Pause.*)

WILLY. (*To SOPHY*) Tell him, come in. (*SOPHY exits L.C.*)

HERTHA. Don't tell him that I'm here. (*She takes her shawl and exits R.*)

(*WILLY goes up and turns on the LIGHTS full up,*

but several are seen to be burnt out. Then he goes R. of table and stands rigidly as RICHARD enters from L.C. RICHARD is well though sedately dressed. He no longer looks the workman. He moves freely and speaks resolutely. The atmosphere of success seems to come before him.)

RICHARD. (*Quietly as he comes to position L. of table*) I didn't know if you would care to see me.

WILLY. You didn't come all de vav von Concord fer me to look at you.

RICHARD. No. That's true.

WILLY. Well?

RICHARD. First, I want to thank you for kicking me out two years ago.

WILLY. (*Promptly*) You're welcome.

RICHARD. You didn't intend it should, but it put me on my feet. Now I've come back to Lynn.

WILLY. I see dat too. Why you tell me dis?

RICHARD. Because I hope to stay.

WILLY. De town ish big.

RICHARD. But there's only one place in this town I want—my father's homestead.

WILLY. (*With ill-concealed elation*) I'm very sorry, but dat's sold.

RICHARD. (*Quietly*) I know. When can I have the deed?

WILLY. W'at! You?

RICHARD. Hutchinson was my agent. I've got your contract signed. (*Taking out bills from his pocket case*) That makes the three thousand dollars for first payment. (*Puts money on table*) I wish to build my house.

WILLY. So, it was you who buys—

RICHARD. (*Pointing to money*) I think you'll find that right. (*WILLY counts the money.*) The contract reads that you will execute the deed im-

mediately on the receipt of the first purchase money.

WILLY. Yah, I sign dat deed tomorrow. (*He takes the hundred dollar bill he got from CARTER out of his pocket and puts it with the rest of the money RICHARD has just given him.*)

RICHARD. Give the receipt for this to Hutchison as well.

WILLY. (*Losing control of himself*) You can have dat properdy oud dere, but fer de factory you can wait!

RICHARD. (*Controlling his amazement*) The factory—who——?

WILLY. Yah! My factory!

RICHARD. (*Coldly*) We are prepared to wait! (*With quiet firmness but no pity for WILLY*) My firm has sent me here, because I know your plant and what it's worth. Your friend, Mr. Hutton, has seen fit to give you some more time for reasons I don't know. They can't be *business* reasons, because I'm sure you can't continue long in the old way. The times have changed. You've not changed with them. However, that's his affair, not mine.

WILLY. Und w'en you fellers got a proposition dot dey want me to accept you tell dem dey should send anybody elset but you!

RICHARD. I made you no proposition.

WILLY. (*Enraged*) No! You didn't! But you go behind my back to git dat Kennels properdy! (*Points off L.*) You go behind my back to Hutton!!

RICHARD. Who told you that?

WILLY. (*Calling out*) Hertha! (*Pause*) Hertha! (*Enter HERTHA R. WILLY continues, tauntingly*) You see I don'd do dings behind de back.

RICHARD. (*Amazed at seeing HERTHA*) You!

WILLY. (*To HERTHA*) I hope you heard de way he makes peace mit your fader!

RICHARD. Hertha, what are you doing here?

WILLY. She begs me I should listen to you.

RICHARD. (*Scornfully*) What?!

WILLY. Yah, for her sake I give you de chancet you should insult me oncet again!

HERTHA. Papa——

WILLY. (*To RICHARD, violently*) You don'd see me on de knees! (*WILLY goes up c.*)

RICHARD. (*Going over to HERTHA down R.*) Then it was *you* who told him of our plans about the factory! Tell me, *did* you?

HERTHA. Yes, I told him.

RICHARD. Why?

HERTHA. Something went blind in me—I——

RICHARD. (*Sorrowfully*) Yes, my dear, you must be blind. I know that when you realize what you've done.

BERTHA. What have I done?

RICHARD. You must see that I have duties to my firm—to the people that put bread in our mouths. You've betrayed them. That's what you've done.

HERTHA. Oh, Richard! You're both so cruel! Don't you see—I——

RICHARD. I don't want to be unkind. But what shall I say to *them*? To my *firm*? That's what I've got to know.

WILLY. (*To RICHARD, quietly*) Don'd fighd mit her on my account. She tells me nodding of your business dot I didn't know already.

HUTTON'S VOICE. (*In the hall, speaking to SOPHY*) I'll go right in. (*SOPHY exits R. HUTTON enters L.C. He is in a cold rage. WILLY is behind table. HERTHA down R. RICHARD down L. of HERTHA.*)

WILLY. Oh, Mr. Hutton. I didn't expect de pleasure so soon again.

HUTTON. (*After a look at WILLY speaks to RICHARD*) Mr. Hellman, I'm glad to find *you* here. An hour ago I refused to foreclose and sell your firm the Engel factory. But if your offer still holds good, I'll take it. The factory goes to *you*.

RICHARD. Done! (HERTHA *sinks into a chair up R.*)

WILLY. (*Confused, to HUTTON*) Why—why—all of a sudden—you—you change like dis?

HUTTON. Where is your son?

WILLY. I call him. (*He calls out*) Sophy! Sophy!

SOPHY. (*Entering R.*) Yah, Mr. Engel?

WILLY. Where's Theodore?

SOPHY. We went tonighd to Boston.

HUTTON. That's not true.

WILLY. Hah! All right, Sophy. (*He motions her off. SOPHY exits R.*)

HUTTON. (*To WILLY*) For your sake I had persuaded my directors to refuse the Concord offer. But tonight I learned that I've no right to risk the money of our depositors on such men as *you* are, and your *son*!

WILLY. W'at's de matter mit me und my son?

HUTTON. In your blindness you've stood by him. Your son is a common thief!

WILLY. (*Removes his glasses and puts them on the table*) Don'd you say dat again, Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON. Your son took three thousand dollars of my daughter's money tonight after he knew the police had closed up his office.

WILLY. (*Aghast*) Closed—up——?!

HUTTON. Yes—*embezzlement*. (*Pause.*)

WILLY. My Theodore don'd do that! Where's dat feller Leland?

HUTTON. Leland has escaped. But I'm not speaking of Mr. Leland. My daughter's dealings were with your *son*. Behind my back and with your son's connivance, she's gambled away the whole of a legacy her grandmother left to her!

WILLY. My Theodore *couldn't* do dat. Dat's not possible!

HUTTON. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I don't indict your son for my daughter's speculations. But

here in this room tonight, he took another three thousand dollars from her. He took *that* three thousand dollars after he knew that he himself was a *bankrupt!* That is *theft!* And he *used that money* to run away, like Leland!

WILLY. Dat's a lie!

HUTTON. He told her he was going to Boston on the nine fifty-five——

WILLY. Well—he's gone——

HUTTON. Yes, but he took the nine-forty-two for *Montreal!* The ticket-agent told me *your son was on that train!* (WILLY is stunned. He supports himself at the table. HUTTON continues, relentlessly) I hold his receipt for that three thousand dollars. (He shows the card that THEODORE gave HARRIET) *This receipt will send your son to jail!* (Pause. Then something evidently strikes WILLY'S mind, for by an imperceptible means he has got himself in hand. He turns to HUTTON with great dignity.)

WILLY. You excuse me, Mr. Hutton, but you don'd know what you say. (To ALL) Don'd worry. My Theodore is no thief. (He turns to RICHARD) Your business mit Mr. Hutton is finished? (RICHARD nods. HERTHA pantomimes RICHARD to go to WILLY.)

RICHARD. Mr. Engel, isn't there anything that I can do?

WILLY. (Quietly) Thank you. I don'd need you. (RICHARD moves up; then WILLY continues tenderly to HERTHA) Und I don'd need you. Good night.

RICHARD. Come, Hertha. (They exit L.C. and close the DOOR after them. When WILLY hears the door close he turns with outraged deliberation to HUTTON.)

WILLY. Now, Mr. Hutton, you come into dis house und you talk business mit my worsht competitor, over my head und under my roof. Dat's w'at you do to *me*. But when I dink on w'at you

permit yourself to say about my *son*—all dat you do to me is nodding. Now you get de truth. Your daughter's money *is* protected. My Theodore takes care of dat before he goes away.

HUTTON. You knew he left for Canada?

WILLY. (*Defiantly*) I *told* him to go—to ketch dat scoundrel, Leland. But before he goes, he says to me: "Papa, I took three t'ousand dollars von Harriet tonighd. But I don'd vant dat she shall lose more money trou dat feller Leland. You give dat back to her, und tell her I got troubles." Dat's de truth, und don'd you fergit it, Mr. Hutton. (*He takes out of his breast pocket the roll of money RICHARD has given him in the preceding Scene and throws it deliberately on the table in front of HUTTON*) Dere's de money my Theodore gave me. Count it! (*HUTTON takes up the bills without counting them.*) Now, I dank you for dat retscept, Mr. Hutton. (*HUTTON gives WILLY THEODORE'S receipt. Then WILLY goes up to door L.C. and opens it, and turns with a gesture of dismissal. HUTTON takes the hint, picks up his hat from the table and is about to exit, but turns back in the door.*)

HUTTON. Mr. Engel, you are quite right to resent my negotiating with Mr. Hellman here in your presence. My only extenuation is that I was overcome with pain and mortification at the discovery of what my daughter had been doing behind my back. When she found out your son had left she confessed everything. And I—well—perhaps *you* can appreciate how a father feels. (*He sees WILLY'S granite face; stops; then adds*) I'm afraid we *both* have been mistaken in our children.

(*WILLY, without looking at HUTTON, stands a bit more erect. HUTTON exits L.C. WILLY closes the door after him. His knees weaken. He clings to the knob and pulls himself up. He turns,*

facing the audience—a broken, aged man. He puts out the LIGHTS by turning off the switch L. of sideboard. This leaves only the lamp on the table C. burning, and the small lamp on desk up L. He looks at the receipt in his hand, dazedly. Then he comes down L. of table, tearing the receipt slowly to bits. The torn fragments fall on the floor. Then he feels for his pipe in his coat pocket, takes it out and slowly tamps it.)

ROSIE. (Entering from the French windows)
Uncle Willy— (WARN Curtain.)

WILLY. (Turning) Rosie—!

ROSIE. I've seen Theodore again.

WILLY. When?

ROSIE. A little after nine. He rang the bell at our house. I opened the door. He looked as if something terrible had happened and gave me this for you. (She gives WILLY a letter and then continues) I waited outside there until you were alone.

(WILLY sinks into his big chair. ROSIE hastily fixes the lamp for him and hands his glasses from the table. WILLY has opened the letter. ROSIE leans forward anxiously. WILLY unconsciously includes her as he reads the letter.)

WILLY. (Reading) "Dear Papa—I know I'm doing wrong—but I can't shtay here and see you face disgrace because of me.—Carter will explain.—You can'd do anything more for me.—You won't see me again 'til I've made good.—Your son, Theodore."
(Broken) Oh—my boy—

ROSIE. Is that all?

WILLY. (Looking again at the letter, then reads with dawning realization) "The enclosed three t'ousand dollars belongs to Harriet. Blease send it to her." (WILLY opens an enclosed envelope and

finds the three one thousand dollar bills. He rises with a triumphant transfiguration of faith in his son and exclaims with a cry) You see—he wanted to do right!! I knew it, Rosie——!! You see, my Theodore is no thief!! Dank Gott fer dat! Dank Gott fer dat!!

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The scene presents WILLY'S combined workshop and living-room. The quarters appear neat but very constrained in contrast to the spacious elegance of Act I. There is a homespun, modest, thrifty atmosphere about the place. There is a window down L., opening on a street. This is a rather large show-window with boots and shoes displayed in it. On this window with letters reversed is the sign reading "Willibald Engel, Custom Shoemaker." The window shade is drawn, and it is seen to be winter outside. Up R.C. is a door opening into WILLY'S bedroom.*

Up L.C. is a glass door opening into the street. This door has a sign upon it, reading "Willibald Engel, Custom Shoemaker." Down L. there is an old-fashioned shoemaker's bench with tools, bench-lamp, bucket, etc. On the side of the wall L.C. is hatrack upon which hangs WILLY'S blue apron. There is a round table with a red cover upon it near R.C. Toward rear is a stove, with a coal-scuttle next to it. Down R. of room is an old-fashioned bookcase with a desk beneath. On wall down R. is an old-fashioned clock. There are also shelves on which are placed letter files. Some chairs are conveniently placed. On the wall are signs advertising "Repairs" and "Shoes Made To Order." A roll of leather, some old shoes and lasts are lying about bench. Up L.C. is a glass showcase and

a chair in front of it. R. of table is WILLY'S old chair from earlier Act, and on table down R. is the tobacco-jar and a raw potato. There is a hanging lamp over table and one over workbench. The room is not untidy, but it is evidently too small for its double purpose of living-room and workshop. A three-fold screen divides the living quarters from the shop. It is December 23rd, about 5 P. M., two years after the preceding Act.

As the Curtain rises CARTER is discovered seated on a chair L. of the table with an account book before him. There is also a newspaper near him. CARTER has grown older, but is less nervous in his manner. He turns over a page and checks up bills in his old capacity as WILLY'S confidential book-keeper. He rises; opens the stove and puts coal into it; then sits down again. He opens his newspaper and glances at it before beginning to work. The door L.C. opens and HERTHA enters. She is well-dressed in winter clothes and a fur coat. She comes in as if she had been accustomed to do so regularly. She carries a muff, three holly Christmas wreaths, and a small basket of holly flowers. During the progress of the scene she hangs the wreaths one on each side of street door L.C. She hangs the third wreath in the show window down L., where she also places the basket.

HERTHA. Good afternoon, Mr. Carter.

CARTER. Good afternoon. *(Glancing at clock)*
Aren't you early, Mrs. Hellman?

HERTHA. *(She takes off her coat and hat and hangs it on hatrack and takes sewing out of her muff)* Yes, Mr. Carter. Where is my father?

CARTER. He generally works as long as there is daylight, but he went out right after lunch.

HERTHA. It's very cold. He oughtn't—

CARTER. That's what I told him, but he wanted to attend to something himself. (*Smiling*) And when your father sets his mind on anything—

HERTHA. I know. Did Sophy unpack the sheets and things I sent?

CARTER. Yes, m'am. (*HERTHA opens the door to bedroom up R.C. and looks in. CARTER pointing to newspaper*) Did you see your father's speech? It's in the Boston paper. His picture, too. There—under the "Labor Patriarch in Court."

HERTHA. I've seen it.

CARTER. And you sitting by him in the Court room. That speech saved me from jail.

HERTHA. That's behind us now. (*She puts kettle on stove.*)

CARTER. I just put coal on.

HERTHA. (*Taking up her sewing*) After today I may not be able to be here so regularly.

CARTER. Oh, he'll miss you, Mrs. Hellman. These last two weeks he's been a different man.

HERTHA. I know, but if there's anything he needs, I trust you to let me know through Sophy. She'll come here every morning just as usual.

CARTER. Yes, Mrs. Hellman.

HERTHA. It's hard to do things for him, but he must not want for anything.

HUTTON. (*Enters L.C. HUTTON is dressed in fur coat and rubs his hands briskly to indicate the cold weather outside*) Good afternoon.

HERTHA. Good afternoon, Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON. Father's out, I gather?

HERTHA. He'll be back shortly.

CARTER. (*Rising*) Will you let me thank you, Mr. Hutton?

HUTTON. That's all right. You stick by Mr. Engel, as he stuck by you, and you'll make no mistake.

CARTER. You may be sure of that.

HUTTON. I just dropped around to get my bill. Short accounts—long friends. (CARTER goes to table down R. and during next dialogue gets a bill on a bill file, which he brings to HUTTON.)

HERTHA. You've been a wonderful friend to father, Mr. Hutton.

HUTTON. Young lady, your father has a thing few men have got these days. He's got *character*. He sits like a Gibraltar on his convictions. He may be in the wrong. At times I thought he was. But you've got to respect him, even if you disagree with him. (CARTER comes forward with bill. HUTTON reading the bill) "Four pairs shoes to order—eighty dollars." (Taking out his bill case) Receipt that, please. (CARTER receipts bill. HUTTON counts out eighty dollars in bills, which he gives to CARTER, who gives him a receipted bill, which HUTTON puts carefully into his pocket. At this moment WILLY enters L.C. in overcoat and slouch hat. He has grown visibly older, but is still the fiery-hearted man he was at the beginning of the play. He carries a large box under his arm. He is very tired, but as soon as he sees HUTTON he straightens up.)

HERTHA. Oh, here's Father.

WILLY. How d'ye do, Mr. Hutton! I was in to see you at the bank. (HERTHA takes the box from him and puts it on table under hatrack.)

HUTTON. I was tending to some Christmas purchases.

WILLY. (Referring to box) Careful, Hertha. (To HUTTON) Take a seat.

HUTTON. (Sitting L. of table) How are you today?

WILLY. Elegant. (HERTHA helps WILLY off with his overcoat and hangs it up on hatrack up C.)

HUTTON. I just stepped 'round—

WILLY. (Promptly) I don'd make no more shoes for you 'til Schpring. You could be a tscentipede

already. (*Takes off his undercoat which he likewise gives to HERTHA.*)

HUTTON. (*Smiling*) Before I forget, I want you to measure Stacey and Endicott of the bank. They'll be in to see you.

WILLY. (*Putting on workman's apron, which HERTHA gives him*) Sure, I do. (*HERTHA settles herself near window, sewing as in Act I.*)

HUTTON. (*Stamping his feet*) I told them that for the first time in years my feet are comfortable.

WILLY. (*Taking up chair from in front of showcase*) Dat's very nice of you. How is it mit de daughter, Harriet? (*He brings chair down L. of*

HUTTON. CARTER works at desk over L.)

HUTTON. I'm going to Boston tomorrow to spend Christmas with her and her husband.

WILLY. (*Sitting*) You remember me to her, hah?

HUTTON. I will.

WILLY. (*Drawing chair close to HUTTON*) You got your bail back, Mr. Hutton? (*Indicates CARTER.*)

HUTTON. Yes.

WILLY. You see, it was no risk at all. In dese two years Carter supports his family. Oh, I heard von your Boston man dis morning. At last we begin to clean up the case.

HUTTON. It is cleaned up. Pierce and the creditors wanted to get Leland. That's why they postponed so long. They saw that you'd been made a victim by that scoundrel, and they knew what you had given up to make a settlement.

WILLY. 'Senough! It was my mistake at de beginning, und so I paid mit every tscent I got to keep my Theodore's name and make as decent failure I can.

HUTTON. Any man in Lynn could testify to your integrity, but Leland fooled us all.

WILLY. (*Grimly*) Yah—I wished he'd blowed out his brains before we met him.

HUTTON. Things must be going well with your son.

WILLY. Oh, he gets along.

HUTTON. What's he doing now?

WILLY. (*Shaking his head, perplexed*) Oh, Mr. Hutton—hah—someding mit ranches und a tannery, und a contract for de hides. Here shtands it in de letter. (*Gives a letter to HUTTON, which he takes out of his apron pocket.*)

HUTTON. (*Reading*) "Dear Rosie:" (*He looks up*) I beg your pardon.

WILLY. (*With an embarrassed laugh, taking the letter*) Dat's Rosie's letter. She brings it to me. My Theodore writes now every week to me und Rosie. (*Hurrying, embarrassed over the first part of letter*) I don't undershtand all dat—but here at de bottom it says: "Love to Pop." I know where it is mitoud looking. (*Putting on his spectacles*) But I like to read it just the same. See—dere shtands it: "Love to Pop." Dat I undershtand!

HUTTON. Yes. That's beautiful.

WILLY. (*Warmly correcting HUTTON*) 'Swonderful! (*Folding ROSIE's letter tenderly*) Hah, Rosie, she's a wonderful girl—*elegant* brought up.

HUTTON. Yes, she is.

WILLY. (*Philosophically*) You know I sometimes dink that my friend Stasi was de best fadder fon all three of us, and he ain't no fader at all. Dat's de joke! How dat happens, Mr. Hutton?

HUTTON. You were too indulgent. I was too strict. *He was just right.*

WILLY. (*Genially*) But you can't spoil good stock no matter vat you do. Dey turn out all right anyway.

HUTTON. I should say that things are going *wonderfully* well with your son.

WILLY. (*Proudly*) Yah—he sends now fifty dollars every week to Pierce out of his salary for dis whole year.

HUTTON. I know that. Pierce said that he was making good.

WILLY. I betcher!

HUTTON. But a man must have some *capital* to send twelve thousand dollars in a lump to his creditors. (*HERTHA makes a movement.*)

WILLY. (*Surprised*) Who sends dat?

HUTTON. Pierce got a certified check, signed "Theodore Engel," from the Missoula bank. (*HERTHA rises with immense relief and exits R.C.*)

WILLY. (*Perplexed*) Yah. Dot's his bank. Twelf t'ousand dollars—— (*To HUTTON*) W'en it comes?

HUTTON. It arrived this morning. Pierce and the committee divided it. That brings the settlement up to a hundred cents on the dollar. The case is closed.

WILLY. (*Fervently*) Dank Gott! Hertha, you hear?

HUTTON. I thought you *knew*.

WILLY. Not a word. But dot's de way my Theodore does dings. Efferybody sees his *foolishness!* But nobody knows de fine dings vat he does! (*HERTHA re-enters R.C. with a lighted lamp, which she puts on the window-sill down L. Then she sits by it and sews.*)

HUTTON. Well, I must be off. (*Rising*) I am sure this will be a very happy Christmas for you all. I wish you many of them to come.

WILLY. (*Rising and taking his chair again to its place in front of showcase*) The same to you.

CARTER. (*Rising*) The same to you.

HERTHA. I wish you the same, Mr. Hutton.

WILLY. Come soon again, Mr. Hutton. Goodbye, Mr. Hutton. (*Ad lib. He closes L.C. door after HUTTON'S exit and comes down to CARTER at back*)

of table c. under the lamp. He puts his hand enthusiastically on CARTER'S shoulder) Well, Carter, come here! De case ish closed! We own de air we breathe! We git a *credit* face, und we kin look 'em in de eyes once more! (*He takes flat pocket-book out of his back pocket.*)

CARTER. (*Showing the newspaper*) The Boston paper's got your speech.

WILLY. (*Pleased*) Yah? Is it possible? Yah, dere shtands it in de paper. (*Looking at it closely under the lamp*) Say, who's dat *old* feller sitting dere?

CARTER. That's supposed to be you.

WILLY. Dot's a disgrace! I ain't as old as dat. (*He looks at it again.*)

CARTER. But for you, I might have spent this Christmas day in jail.

WILLY. (*While glancing at the paper*) Pst! 'Senough! I don'd fergit de fifdeen years you worked for me. Like all de younk fellers dese days, you got beduzzled mit git-rich-quick und dat feller Leland. You know better now. Und you got children, Carter. I gif you my word! I tought of dem, w'en I shpoke yesterday fer you. I'm prout dat not one of de men dat worked fer me has suffered. Yah, Willy Engel's workmen all got chobs. *You* might have hard time getting seddled; so I took you here mit me. I can'd pay you your old salary. But if I keep you here mit me, dot's de besht proof to efferybody of w'at I dink of you. So not a sound more! Here! (*Taking money from his pocket-book*) I met Stanley on the shtreet. He paid me. Send him a retscept mit danks.

CARTER. And Mr. Hutton paid *his* bill.

WILLY. (*Going to R.C. door*) Eighty dollars—hah?

CARTER. Yes, Mr. Engel. (*WILLY exits R.C. At this point STASI comes into the room excitedly from*

L.C. *He is evidently full of a plan. He is dressed in a fur coat with a muffler over his ears. He also wears rubbers.*)

STASI. It's all right, I think!

HERTHA. *(Going to him quickly)* Psch! *(STASI looks toward bedroom. HERTHA helps him out of his coat and hangs it on the rack.)*

HERTHA. *(Secretly, during the above business)* Uncle Stasi, the check for twelve thousand dollars arrived this morning. I heard Mr. Hutton say so. Father thinks that Theodore sent it.

STASI. Rosie waits at home for a telegram. In a little while leave me alone with him.

HERTHA. *(Looking around the room)* I can't bear to have him here alone.

STASI. I'll *make* him go home with you.

HERTHA. But he's so stubborn.

STASI. I know—but not when you know how to handle him.

HERTHA. But who knows how to handle him?

STASI. *(Confidently)* I do. You leave it to me. I fix it. You all go the wrong way about it. Now, I got a plan. I know just exactly what I'm going to say to him. After all, he listens to nobody but *me*. *(WILLY enters R.C.)* Hallo, Willy—

WILLY. *(Genially)* Hallo, Stasi. Sit down a minnit. *(To CARTER)* Here, shtep into that jeweler shtore, und pay dis twenty dollars on my Theodore's account. Dat settles dat account in full. *(Gives him money.)*

CARTER. Yes, Mr. Engel.

WILLY. Den you come back, und we finish de trial-balance. *(CARTER gathers up some papers and puts them on desk R.C. WILLY sees STASI examining a shoe on the shoemaker's iron stand near his bench)* Stasi, I finish Rosie's shoes tonighd yet. *(He turns to papers on table.)*

STASI. Plenty of time.

WILLY. (*With his habitual gesture*) All right!

STASI. (*Likewise*) All right! (*He plumps down on a stool over L. and begins to take off his rubbers.*)

WILLY. (*Looking up from his papers suddenly*) Stasi—I told you, you don'd need rubbers mit my shoes! No water pays rent in de shoes I make! Dot's no Guinea work you got.

STASI. (*Promptly argumentative*) Willy, because I wear de shoes you make, I don'd have to slip on de sidewalk und break my neck, do I?

WILLY. I don'd slip, and I'm older as you!

STASI. All right!

WILLY. All right! (*He takes another receipt from his pocket and gives it to CARTER, who comes toward him behind table*) Carter, file dat away. Forty-seven dollars fifty tsents.

STASI. (*Rising and coming to him*) Say, Willy, what do you do at the Crown Hotel?

WILLY. (*Closing all discussion*) Nodding.

STASI. You were there dis afternoon, dey told me.

WILLY. Well, if Nosey's got to know, I paid a bill. I jusht seddle an accound mit de Crown Hotel. Look—— (*Taking the receipt from CARTER again and showing it to STASI, who begins to examine it*) Paid in full, retsept.

STASI. What for?

WILLY. (*Pulling it away and giving it back to CARTER*) My Theodore gave a liddle supper pardy dere two years ago. Someding mit de ladies of de "Moonlight Maids Combandy." He always was musical, you know. He gits dat von his fader.

STASI. (*Irritated*) But, Willy, when are you going to stop that nonsense?

WILLY. W'at nonsense!?

STASI. Paying off Theodore's bills.

WILLY. I shtop in a liddle while—w'en dere all paid. (*CARTER has got into his overcoat which he takes from hatrack and exits L.C. shortly.*)

STASI. Why don't Theodore pay those bills himself?

WILLY. (*Boastfully*) You dink maybe he can't! Hah? (*With mock modesty*) Hah, my Theodore jusht sends a little item of twelf t'ousand dollars mit a tsertified check to Boshton to close up de case.

STASI. (*Affecting surprise*) *You don't say so!* (*With a look to HERTHA*) That's a great surprise.

WILLY. Now what you got to say?

STASI. Nothing.

WILLY. Dat settles de Leland case in *full*—one hundred tsents on de dollar! Und I should worry him mit dese liddle bills. Dot's my pleasure to pay dem. He shall owe *me*—not de odder fellers.

STASI. (*Irritated*) But in the meantime here you are, working and slaving—

WILLY. Shtill! Don'd arg' mit me! I pay you de interesht on w'at I owe you, don'd I?

STASI. That ain't the question!

WILLY. (*Tenderly*) You help me shtart in business here. I don'd fergit dat, Stasi. (*Change to aggressiveness*) But you mustn't dink because I owe you money, I musht do always w'at you say.

STASI. (*Growing nervous*) I don'd speak no more about it. You are more stubborn now than you ever were.

WILLY. (*Looks at his accounts again*) All right!

STASI. All right! (*He sits L. of table R.C.*)

WILLY. (*Attempting to conciliate STASI*) Dere's de paber. You can read aboud de case. (*Pointing*) Dere shtands it.

STASI. (*Taking up paper from table*) I saw it.

WILLY. (*Looking at the paper over STASI'S shoulder*) Und did you see de uggely muck dey put on my Hertha? I'd like to sue dem fellers! Dot's a artist—nit! My Hertha neffer hat a mout like dat—neffer in her life! (*At this point HERTHA has risen from her seat and has come toward c. She is on her*

way to fix coffee at the stove. As WILLY says the last line of this speech, he turns, sees HERTHA, pinches her cheek affectionately and then crosses her to go to bench down L. for some tools and a shoe upon which he is working. He is humming a snatch of his old song. Behind WILLY'S back STASI says to HERTHA nervously)

STASI. I fix it now. (Then STASI motions HERTHA to leave them. WILLY is over at the bench selecting tools. HERTHA puts coffee pot on the stove and prepares to leave. Assuming a commonplace tone) Willy, come over here and sit down a minute. I want to talk with you.

WILLY. Go ahead, I listen. (He promptly begins to sing. He has picked up a shoe with a large sole nailed on it, which during the next scene he cuts down to the proper size. He has also picked up a shoemaker's knife. HERTHA goes to hatrack up c. for her hat and coat, which she puts on during the early part of following dialogue. WILLY still hums the old song as he goes from the bench to his position behind the table R.C.)

STASI. Willy, if things go so good with Theodore, you ought to take it a little easier.

WILLY. (Examining the shoe under the lamp) Right here, where I make my failure, I make goot again. Hertha, w'at's de matter mit dat lamp?

HERTHA. It's up as far as it will go, Papa.

WILLY. So.

STASI. (Nervously) I don't say anything any more, but you shouldn't work in the night-time, Willy.

WILLY. I losht anodder day von de bench. I hat to go to Boshton yesterday on dat Leland's case.

STASI. (Indicating WILLY'S difficulty in seeing) But your eyes——

WILLY. (Aggressively) What's de matter mit my

eyes? Dey lasht as long as I do. (*Noticing HERTHA in her coat*) Hertha, where you go?

HERTHA. (*Finding an excuse*) Sophy forgot cream for the coffee. I'll just slip to the corner and get some.

WILLY. But you come back again?

HERTHA. Right away.

WILLY. (*Tenderly*) Goodbye.

HERTHA. (*Waving her hand*) Goodbye. (*STASI, unseen by WILLY, makes a gesture to HERTHA to get out. She exits L.C. WILLY sits in his chair R. of table and starts to work cutting down the sole of the shoe. During the ensuing scene STASI betrays great nervousness. He makes several different attempts in different ways to persuade WILLY, and at every defeat he becomes more irascible.*)

WILLY. Ach, I tell you—Hertha, she's a wonderful girl.

STASI. You know I always said——

WILLY. (*Interrupting*) I know w'at you always said! Say someding new.

STASI. All right!

WILLY. All right! (*He works.*)

STASI. (*Fidgetting, not knowing how to attack the question*) Say, Willy——

WILLY. Hah——

STASI. (*Taking out two cigars*) You smoke a little cigar?

WILLY. (*Looking at the cigar, lovingly*) No, dank you.

STASI. (*Pressing him cordially*) Come, Willy. You can smoke that with understanding—fifty cents.

WILLY. No, dank you. I radder schmoke de pipe. It's better w'en you work. (*He takes up his pipe from the table.*)

STASI. (*Biting his cigar, grumbling*) No cigars—no pinochle—not even a little glass of wine you take

with me any more like we used to. Say—that's no life.

WILLY. (*During above, has risen and gone to cupboard down R. and brings the tobacco-jar and the potato*) I don'd care really fer dem dings.

STASI. What pleasure have you got in life?

WILLY. (*Opening tobacco-jar*) Retsepts fer bills! Dot's my pleasure. (*He stands R. of table and starts to cut the potato into pieces and throw them into the tobacco-jar.*)

STASI. (*Nettled*) Not *one* time in your life did you ever listen to *me*!

WILLY. You got wrong. I lishten to efferybody. Dot's my trouble.

STASI. Yah, you *listen*! But that's all you *do do*! *In* one ear and *out* by the other. Not once in your life did you ever *do* like I told you!

WILLY. (*Calmly*) Ish dat so?

STASI. (*Bursting*) Look now! For *years* I try to make you put water on that sponch, and yet you always put potatoes in it! Why don't you try it once with water?

WILLY. I got goot reasons.

STASI. (*Insistently*) Why? Tell me why?

WILLY. Because I vant to.

STASI. Yah, that's a reason!

WILLY. Yah, shure it is. I do it *my* way.

STASI. Ach, all right! (*He turns away; crosses his legs.*)

WILLY. All right!

STASI. (*Turning back again, irritated at himself, and re-crossing his legs*) I didn't want to commence to begin to speak about *that* thing at all!!

WILLY. Den why did you did it? (*Sits and lights his pipe. Nervous business for STASI. Pause. They smoke. WILLY works.*)

STASI. (*Picking up ledger on the table*) Carter makes up a trial-balance, hah?

WILLY. We finish it tonighd yet.

STASI. And things go good?

WILLY. (*Proudly*) I betcher! If I wasn't over sixty, I'd show dem fellers yet in de shoe bushiness.

STASI. Why don't you get yourself a workman?

WILLY. I kin use de money better effery week myself. (*Reminiscently*) Und, anyvay, dere *ish* no hant workmen any more like in de old times. Nix. (*Pause. He looks up from his work and says*) Stasi, de case *ish* closed. At last my Theodore pays off even dat Leland schwindle. A hundert tsents on de dollar!

STASI. (*Matter of fact tone*) Fine!

WILLY. (*Amazed*) Dot's *all* you got to say w'en my Theodore——?

STASI. (*Nervously*) If I was *more* surprised, you'd get angry because I didn't *expect* Theodore would do *more*!

WILLY. All right!

STASI. All right! (*They smoke. WILLY works at the shoe, filing and scraping. STASI grows more irritable and more anxious, as he sees he is getting no further. STASI is about to speak when WILLY begins singing and humming his old song again. This time he goes entirely through the melody while working.*)

WILLY. (*Stops to say, reflectively*) Stasi, I ofden dink now it's de besht ding dat could heppen dat my Theodore went Wesht.

STASI. Why?

WILLY. Oud dere maybe he fergits all dose col-litch etchikashuns. You know dot was de beginning. Dose collitches! My Theodore was all righd before he went to collitch.

STASI. Lots of good people come from college.

WILLY. I don'd believe it! You didn't went to col-litch—Hutton didn't—I didn't—Hertha didn't hat no collitch etchikashun—— (*He works at shoe.*)

STASI. No—all right—— (*Shifts nervously; looks*

at his watch; finally rises in anxiety and moves L.)

WILLY. Say! W'at's de matter mit you? Mensch, hast kei' Sitzfleisch? Why you dence around for?

STASI. (*Turning and blurting out*) Ach, what's the use we beat around de bush?! *You can't live this way any more!*

WILLY. (*Putting down tools and taking off his glasses*) *I knew someding was coming! Mit your fify tsents cigars!*

STASI. (*Dictatorially*) You must go home with Hertha!

WILLY. (*Putting down the shoe decidedly*) Now we got it!

STASI. Willy, how do you think *she* feels?

WILLY. I told you I make trouble anough mit her und Richard; so I keep away. Not a sound more!

STASI. But why, Willy? *Why?*

WILLY. (*Rising, obstinately*) I don'd want nodding to do mit *Richard!* Dot's why! (*Goes R.; stands with his back to STASI.*)

STASI. You must not be stubborn. I know, Willy. It's hard for us to forgive those people that *we* have hurt.

WILLY. (*After a pause of comprehension*) All right—I hurt him. But dat's bushiness. De big fish eat de liddle fish. I tried to eat up Richard. He was a big fish, und I didn't know it. Dot was my mish-take. I pay fer it. I maybe bite him a liddle, but I choked myself. *He* swims away, und I went to de bottom—fer a *while*.

STASI. But at your *age!*

WILLY. (*Interrupting violently*) I'm glat dat it goes goot mit him fer Hertha und de children's sake, und dat's enough! I don'd ask anybody for any-ding. I git along. I work!

STASI. That ain't the question! *I see* you work!!

WILLY. Den w'at elset you want!?! Efferybody can'd be a *capitalisht* like you——

STASI. (*Promptly*) I'm a *Socialist!*

WILLY. No—no! We don'd begin on dat, please!

STASI. All right!

WILLY. All right!

STASI. But, Willy, I ask you why do you always feel this way about Richard and his patents? He's a hard worker——

WILLY. Und did I say he wasn't?

STASI. Don't interrupt me!

WILLY. Den don't arg' mit me about *Richard!*

STASI. Richard's patents do lots of good to lots of people!

WILLY. Dey done *me* no goot!

STASI. That's not the question! The world moves *forwards!*

WILLY. The world goes 'round und 'round!

STASI. (*At his wits' end*) What for we *argue!?*

WILLY. (*Continuing*) Und for *my* part Richard can make now all de patents w'at he likes! (*Proudly*) *One ding* he can't do!

STASI. Nu—what?—what?

WILLY. (*Indomitably picking up shoe from table again*) Richard *can'd* patent a machine dot makes a *hant-made* shoe!!

STASI. Ach, Willy—what's the use I talk!?

WILLY. It's no use! (*Enter HERTHA L.C., carrying a small bottle of cream. They do not notice her.*)

STASI. (*Losing utter control of himself and speaking very loudly*) A *ox*, you are, Willy! Ever since you were a *boy*, you was a *ox*!!

WILLY. (*Likewise*) If you wasn't such a *ox yourself*, you would have knowed dat fifty years ago!!

STASI. (*Yelling*) All right!

WILLY. (*Yelling back*) All right! (*This is the most angry dialogue in the play between them.*)

STASI. (*Turning to HERTHA, as he walks away from WILLY*) Maybe you can speak with him—I can't any more! (*HERTHA has hung up her coat. She*

crosses to behind table. STASI goes up L., puffing violently on his cigar.)

WILLY. *(Sulkily, as he starts to go toward STASI)* You tell your Uncle Stasi he should leave me alone!

HERTHA. *(Tenderly stopping him and turning him toward door R.C.)* Wash up, Papa. Coffee will be ready. *(WILLY glares at STASI, who has got on the other side of the screen up C.)*

WILLY. *Mit effery day anodder argiment!* *(STASI blows out a cloud of smoke and makes his "all right" gesture.)*

HERTHA. *(Turning him again toward bedroom)* Yes, Papa. Now hurry. *(She gets coffee service, cups, etc., from cupboard down R.)*

WILLY. *(Has gone up to door R.C. He turns, still sulkily)* Stasi, better you shtay fer coffee. Den maybe you feel better, hah?

STASI. *(Angrily)* Thank you, I feel all right!

WILLY. I'm glat!!

STASI. All right!!

WILLY. All right!! *(He exits R.C. HERTHA is busied setting the table and arranging three cups and saucers. As soon as WILLY is off she turns eagerly to STASI, who is still fuming.)*

HERTHA. *(Humorously)* Well? Did you fix it?

STASI. *(Coming to table, after looking around screen to see if WILLY is off)* Ach! He wouldn't let me say a word. *(Sits L. of table.)*

HERTHA. *(Excitedly)* I telephoned home. There was a telegram from Albany. *(Pours out coffee.)*

STASI. *(Taking out a big handkerchief, which he puts over his knee for a napkin)* Und——?

HERTHA. Richard will do everything as I have arranged.

STASI. *(With nervous eagerness)* What time does he arrive?

HERTHA. Six-ten. *(STASI consults watch. WILLY is heard humming off R.C.)*

STASI. Well, I take my coffee and go back to the store. And then I meet him at the station.

HERTHA. (*Pointing to door up L.C.*) And if that blind is up, then come right in. We'll have to risk it. (*The door R.C. opens. WILLY enters, drying his hands and singing.*)

WILLY. (*Stops in his song; looks over his glasses quizzically to STASI*) All over your bat temper, Stasi? (*STASI attempts to grumble. WILLY laughs coaxingly. Then they BOTH laugh, as WILLY sits down R. of table. HERTHA helps him to coffee; then helps herself.*)

STASI. Oh—here's your new business card, Willy. (*He takes a card from his pocket and hands it to WILLY across the table*) What do you think of it?

WILLY. (*Adjusting his glasses*) I have a look. (*Reading*) "Willibald Engel, Custom Shoemaker, fer Men and Women." (*He looks up*) Where's de children?

STASI. You want them too?

WILLY. Yah, shure!

STASI. (*Gulping his coffee*) All right, we put 'em in.

WILLY. (*Continuing to read*) "All hant work. One-fordy-tseven Vine Street, Lynn. (*Passes it back*) Dot's all righd. You make two t'ousand right away.

STASI. After the holidays.

WILLY. (*Pointing to card*) Vait. Put down here "Saddisfaction guaranteed." Und make dot "All hant work" as big as possible.

STASI. As big as you like. (*He crosses for his coat. HERTHA rises and helps him. WILLY hums and drinks coffee.*)

WILLY. (*Seeing STASI getting into his overcoat up L.C.*) W'at's de hurry?

STASI. (*Nervously*) Oh—it's getting late.

WILLY. Say, Stasi, you come back again after

dinner. We tsccelebrate de new trial-balance mit a liddle game of pinochle, hah?

STASI. Yah. (*Then a wink to HERTHA*) Maybe.

WILLY. (*Mischievously*) Dot ish, if you don't break your neck!

STASI. (*Nettled*) Why shall I break my neck?

WILLY. You fergit your rubbers. (*He points to STASI'S rubbers lying down L.*)

STASI. (*Seeing them on the floor*) I try it once mitoud them.

WILLY. All right!

STASI. All right! (*Exits L.C.*)

WILLY. (*Laughs*) Das ist ein Kerl! (*HERTHA sits L. of table, sewing again. As soon as STASI is off, WILLY makes for the pasteboard box lying on table under hatrack*) Come, Hertha. I show you now. Jusht wait.

HERTHA. Papa, have you been buying something else for the children?

WILLY. Nah—na—psch—it's nodding.

HERTHA. Papa. (*Ad lib.*)

WILLY. Schtill! Not a sound more! (*HERTHA hushes. He opens box*) I waited 'til efter Stasi goes, so he don't fight mit me again und lecture me.

HERTHA. You'll spoil those children.

WILLY. No. You got wrong dis time, Hertha. I don'd believe in shpoiling boys. Dis is for exercise. (*He takes out two big jumping-jacks*) You see, you pull de shtring und dey jump—just like your Uncle Stasi. (*He shows how they work*) 'Swonderful! Dot's a fine exercise, no? (*HERTHA laughs.*) Und I was careful, Hertha. I buy de kind of paind don'd come off. (*Business of moistening his finger and rubbing the toy*) You see: 'Smade in Chermany! The children always dink it's someding to eat. You give dose to de boys von Grandpapa. (*Puts them back into box and goes to his chair R. of table.*)

HERTHA. They'll be delighted. (*Puts box under table.*)

WILLY. Ah, you remember yet how my Theodore loved dose chumping-chacks?

HERTHA. Yes.

WILLY. (*Sitting*) Dot liddle Willy,—he gits to look more like my Theodore mit effery day. (*He takes up coffee cup and starts to drink.*)

HERTHA. I thought he looked like you.

WILLY. (*Pleased*) You dink so? Well, maybe—(*He slides down into his chair. Pause. He suddenly says very tenderly*) Und you git to look more like your modder effery day. Hah, w'en I look away, I could almosht hear her shpeak w'en you are talking. It's awful strange. (*Reminiscently*) Yah, your modder used to sit here at de table, always sewing—jusht like you sit now—while I was working—(*Looking around*) I hat a liddle shop like dis. Und Uncle Stasi used to come fer coffee. You remember yet, Hertha?

HERTHA. Yes, on Lincoln Street.

WILLY. (*Half-laughing, half-sighing*) Yah, dat was tirdy years ago! I don't know— It makes me heppy-like und sad togedder. (*Pause. Earnestly*) It's such a comfort to have you here alone—jusht sitting here—mit me— (*He sinks back into his chair and closes his eyes.* HERTHA *puts down her sewing, comes to his chair and kneels down at the side of it.* WILLY *suddenly puts his arm around her*) So! (*Pause.*)

HERTHA. Papa, after today, I shan't be able to come here so regularly.

WILLY. (*Like a hurt child*) Wh—wh—why, you—w'at's—w'at's de matter?

HERTHA. Richard is coming home.

WILLY. (*Releasing her*) Yah, so. (*He turns away.*)

HERTHA. I could be with you always if you'd only make peace with him.

WILLY. I made a terrible mishtake five years ago. (*Grimly*) I pay fer it. Schon gut. Richard makes a terrible schwear on his dead father,—he musht see me on de knees before I git you back——

HERTHA. I'm sure that he regrets it.

WILLY. Yah, we all musht pay. Don'd dink I don'd regret it. (*Change to obstinacy*) Beshides, Richard could schwear on anybody elset, I wouldn't care so much; but his fader was my *frient*.

HERTHA. Papa, I've been on my knees to both of you for years. *Richard* with his terrible vow and *you* with your terrible pride. Deep in your hearts you both regret what you have done. It's all so foolish! (*Rises.*)

WILLY. (*Obstinately*) Yah, shure he's foolish! But w'en your fader says a ding: he always keeps his word. (*He rises and crosses to c.*)

HERTHA. If I had kept *my* word or Mr. Hutton his, or Uncle Stasi his, or Rosie hers, where would we be today? Papa, don't you see we've got to grow *beyond* ourselves?

WILLY. It's different mit me und Richard.

HERTHA. If Richard had kept *his* word, I couldn't have come back to you at all. (*Pause*) Are we to go on like this forever?

WILLY. (*With finality*) I wouldn't reshpect *Richard* if he *broke* dot schwear. I wouldn't reshpect *myself* if I gave in to him! So long as I kin work mit my two hants, I *don'd git on de knees*. I got jusht as much prout as Richard. (*HERTHA turns away. He notices her disappointment and continues with a change*) I'm awful sorry, Hertha. I can't change. (*Then he goes up to her*) Och Gott, Hertha! Dese two weeks I been so heppy—I forgot I hat to lose you again. All dis time, whenever I saw you workin' round de room, I should have said to

myself: "She's only here a liddle while. Soon she goes away again." But Hertha, Hertha, I was so thirsty for you—I t'ought only: "Now I drink!" Und now—— (*He breaks as he turns away*) But it's all right! You mustn't dink now on your fader. You got dose—dose boys. Und I—I git along. (*Moves L.*)

HERTHA. Papa. Richard went out West two weeks ago.

WILLY. (*Turning*) For what?

HERTHA. He went to see Theodore.

WILLY. Richard went to my Theodore?

HERTHA. Yes—and what's more, he's sending Theodore back to you.

WILLY. My Theodore comes back to me?

HERTHA. *Richard* is sending him.

WILLY. (*Proudly*) He don'd fergit his fader! Hertha, Hertha, my boy comes back to me? W'en he comes?

HERTHA. Tonight.

WILLY. Tonighd yet?

HERTHA. Yes! With his partner in the tannery.

WILLY. His *partner* too! Ah, dat's de happiest Christmas I could have. I dress myself. (*Starts to undo his apron and go toward bedroom.*)

HERTHA. (*Stopping him*) I wouldn't, Papa.

WILLY. I don'd want he should be ashamed fer his fader before his partner.

HERTHA. His partner was a workman too. You needn't be ashamed. Besides, you won't have time.

WILLY. You mean dey come here right away—right von de train?

HERTHA. Yes, on the six-ten from Boston. (*WILLY goes to the clock on the wall R. ROSIE enters L.C. Nervously as he crosses to clock*) Maybe dey don'd ketch de train! (*He hears the door close behind ROSIE. He turns excitedly and asks*) Who's dot?

HERTHA. It's Rosie.

WILLY. Rosie—Rosie—you heard de news?

ROSIE. Yes, Theodore telephoned from Boston. They caught their train. I hurried down to tell you.

WILLY. Rosie—w'at shall we do? Dot fifdeen minutes—I can'd shtand it! (*Suddenly*) We go und meet 'em, hah? So dat dey don'd get losht!

ROSIE. (*Stopping him*) Uncle Stasi's there.

WILLY. Den, Hertha, we fix up de room! Hah! (*Starts to gather dishes on table.*)

HERTHA. Yes, Papa. (*She goes L.C. and pulls up the blind on the door.*)

WILLY. (*Excitedly*) Somebody comes now?

HERTHA. Not yet, Papa. I'll just pull up the blind, so they can see we are waiting for them.

WILLY. Come, de dishes—de dishes—we fix up everyding fine fer Theodore.

HERTHA. Papa, I'll 'tend to them. You sit over there. (*Pointing to bench.*)

WILLY. Yah—I sit—I sit! (*He goes up to door L.C. and looks out. Then he says with great emotion*) To dink dat in a liddle while my Theodore comes t'rou' dis door!

ROSIE. (*Closing door*) It's awfully cold, Uncle Willy. (*She takes him down. He follows like a child.*) Sit here and I'll sit with you.

WILLY. (*Going to bench*) Yah, Rosie, you sit by me. (*He sits at bench.*)

ROSIE. Yes, Uncle Willy. (*ROSIE takes a low stool and sits by him at his L.*)

WILLY. So. (*He suddenly begins to work with hysterical vehemence, pounding at a shoe.*)

ROSIE. Don't work any more tonight.

WILLY. (*Hardly containing himself*) I jusht got to do someding or I explode!!

ROSIE. All right.

WILLY. (*He starts to work, then stops and says*

as he looks at her tenderly) We wait togedder. Yah, Rosie, you waited too a long time—— Hah? (HERTHA *gathers up the dishes from the table, WILLY and ROSIE are seated with their backs to the door.*) You got a happy Christmas too—— Hah, Rosie? We got such lots of dings to talk about, we can't begin!

ROSIE. Yes.

(WILLY *works. HERTHA sits at L. of table, sewing. Then suddenly WILLY begins to sing his old song. His phrases are broken by his emotion. HERTHA has kept watching the door L.C. She suddenly starts as she sees THEODORE and RICHARD outside. THEODORE comes in softly, followed by RICHARD and STASI. They are all in long coats with their collars rolled up high because of the cold. THEODORE has grown a mustache. THEODORE comes in on tiptoe. The movements of all are covered by WILLY's song. HERTHA goes up to them at L.C.; embraces THEODORE.*)

HERTHA. (*Whispering*) Do it quickly!

(THEODORE *goes down on a line with WILLY, who is still singing brokenly and working. During this RICHARD has gone to HERTHA. She kisses him. He has taken off his hat. HERTHA puts it back again, puts up his collar and leads him to chair L. of table. She then stands between him and her father. STASI stands at door L.C. When RICHARD is seated, ROSIE sees THEODORE standing behind WILLY, and draws a sharp breath. WILLY looks at ROSIE and sees her looking at something behind him. He is about to turn when THEODORE says very simply:*)

THEODORE. Papa, I've come home. (*WILLY, overcome, drops his work. He rises and starts to go toward THEODORE. His knees weaken and he almost falls as THEODORE quickly embraces him.*)

WILLY. Theodore! My boy—my boy—Theodore!

THEODORE. Papa!

WILLY. (*Clinging to THEODORE*) Oh, I can't believe on it. Gott is yet goot to me. After all de mish-takes I make mit you, he sents you to your fader on de Christmas. (*Turning away*) Yah, my boy, you went t'rou' hart times too—hah? Yah—it was long to wait. (*In the midst of his emotion he fondles THEODORE'S face, feels the mustache and recoils in amazement*) W'at! You raised whiskers!! (*Taking him under lamp over workbench*) Come let me look at you! Rosie! Look! 'Swonderful!

THEODORE. Now, Dad, I want you to shake hands with my partner from Montana.

WILLY. Yah, shure! (*RICHARD rises. WILLY goes toward RICHARD, while blowing his nose on his apron*) Excuse me, I ketched a awful cold. (*WILLY is about to extend his hand to RICHARD. He suddenly looks at him and recoils, exclaiming*) So, Richard!

RICHARD. (*Extending his hand*) How do you do?

WILLY. (*Refusing his hand*) Was neffer better in my life! (*He turns to THEODORE*) Why, Theodore, I t'ought he was——

THEODORE. Richard is my partner!

WILLY. W'at!

THEODORE. Yes, Papa. Richard's factory takes our tannery. *He sent the twelve thousand dollars to close up the case. He's brought me home to you.* So, Dad, I think it's up to you to——

WILLY. (*With his old peremptory manner*) 'Snough! Your Papa knows yet w'at to do. (*He turns with a slow menace but full resolve and goes over toward RICHARD, suspensively pushing back his*

sleeves as if he were going to kick RICHARD out again. He gets near him, then suddenly makes a movement as if to get down on his knees in front of him.)

RICHARD. (*Not permitting it*) Don't—don't, Mr. Engel!

WILLY. (*Throwing RICHARD off violently*) Leaf me alone! (*Then with the manner of a thoroughbred taking his medicine he continues*) I make a failure mit my boy. You make him a grand success. Und if I hat a million knees, I'd git down on effery one of dem! (*He makes another movement to kneel to RICHARD, who again closes in on him.*)

RICHARD. (*Embarrassed, but firm*) But I won't have it! D'ye hear?

WILLY. (*Amazed*) You mean you break your *schwear*?

RICHARD. Yes!

WILLY. (*With violent obstinacy*) Den I don'd let you break dot *schwear*! I lick or git licked! (*He starts to kneel again. RICHARD again lifts him up.*)

RICHARD. (*Equally determined*) Then you get licked now! (*Pause. RICHARD extends his hand*) Come, shake hands. (*Pause. WILLY still refuses. Then RICHARD says simply*) Papa!

WILLY. (*Softened*) Papa? (*WILLY pauses, turns, then takes RICHARD'S hand with a bang.*)

HERTHA. (*Joyfully*) It's all over now, isn't it?

WILLY. So, Hertha, you make foolishness mit your Papa? (*WARN Curtain.*)

HERTHA. I was the cause of all of it. I had to find the remedy.

WILLY. (*Turning to RICHARD*) Von de bottom of my heart I dank you. For my sake—— (*Turning to THEODORE*) Und for his sake—— (*Then very tenderly*) Und for Rosie's sake.

RICHARD. (*Indicating the handshake*) This is

what Hertha wanted for her Christmas. The other half of our investment came from Mr. Scheible.

WILLY. W'at, Stasi?

STASI. Och, what's de use we talk about it? Rosiq gets it anyway in time. *(Then with a relapse into his old pugnacious manner)* Und now I take my rubbers! *(STASI sits on stool and begins to put them on.)*

WILLY. *(Laughing)* All right!

STASI. All right!

WILLY. Und efter all, my son, und Ernsht Hellman's son, dey come togedder in de bushiness.

RICHARD. Theodore's a chip of the old block. He's made good!

WILLY. *(Turning on RICHARD)* You dink maybe I didn't know dat! Hah? *(Turning to ROSIE)* Und I was not de only one—— Hah, Rosie? *You and me, we always knowed my Theodore was all righd!!*

CURTAIN

"OUR CHILDREN"

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Finger-bowls (table).
Coffee-cups (table).
Bowl of fruit (table).
Ashtray (table).
Humidor (sideboard).
Percolator (sideboard).
Cigarettes (Theodore).
Tray (Sophy).
Doilies (table).
Furniture polish and rag (Sophy).
Hammer, screw-driver, toolbox (Willy).
Flowers (sideboard).
Newspapers (Stasi).
Pipes (sideboard).
"American Kennel Magazine" (sideboard).
Tobacco jar (Hertha).
Brass smoking outfit (sideboard).
Potato (tobacco jar).
Sewing (Hertha).
Matches (smoking set).
Motor horn (off L.).
Cocktail shaker (Hertha).
Bottles and glasses (sideboard).
Cigars (humidor).
Bankbook (Willy).

Letter (Richard).
Dustpan and broom (Sophy).
Coffee-cake (Sophy).

ACT II

Coffee-cup (table).
Letters (Willy).
Coffee-pot (Sophy).
Bill (Sophy).
Mail (desk).
Pencil (Theodore).
Pipes (sideboard).
Tobacco jar (sideboard).
Potato (in jar).
Telegram (Carter).
Contract (Carter).
3 \$1000-dollar bills (Harriet).
Suitcase (Sophy).
Card and pencil (Theodore).
Timetable (sideboard).
Paper and envelopes (table).
Paper money (Richard).
\$100 bill (Carter).
Letter (Rosie).
3 \$1000 bills (in letter).

ACT III

Boots and shoes (window).
Bucket.
Shoemaker's tools (bench).
Coal-scuttle—coal.
Shoemaker's apron.
Shoes.
Leather.
Tobacco jar.
Potato.

Account books.
Newspaper.
Bills.
Holly wreaths.
Flowers.
Basket.
Kettle.
Bill file.
Paper money (Hutton).
Pasteboard box (Willy).
Letter (Willy).
Wallet (Willy).
Paper money (Willy).
Coffee-pot.
Cigars (Stasi).
Pipe.
Bottle of cream (Hertha).
Coffee service (cupboard).
2 Jumping jacks (in box).

“OUR CHILDREN”

PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In the belief that the best reviews from the New York and other large papers are always interesting to local audiences, and in order to assist you, we are printing below several excerpts from those reviews.

To these we have also added a number of suggested press notes which may be used either as they stand or changed to suit your own ideas and submitted to the local press.

A PLAY WITH A REMARKABLE HISTORY

The play “OUR CHILDREN” has been importantly produced on five different occasions.

HENRY KOLKER played the leading role in Los Angeles when the play was first produced under the title of “HIS SON.”

HENRY KOLKER then played the leading part for a season in Chicago, and on tour under the title of “OUR CHILDREN.”

EMMETT CORRIGAN played the leading part in New York. The play was then also produced under the title of “OUR CHILDREN.”

LOUIS CALVERT, England’s greatest character-actor, then took the play abroad and appeared in

the leading role in London and the Provinces under the title of "DADDALUMS."

The play then returned to America, and RICHARD BENNETT assumed the leading part. The play was then re-christened "THE NEW HOUSE."

"'His Son' is one of the greatest dramas even given a first production here. It adds to the 'Music Master' double the intensity and a hundred times the virility of the Warfield success."—*The Graphic*, *Los Angeles*.

"A play perfect in text and interpretation. All the elements of success. Its story is absorbing, cleverly connected, and nowhere improbable. It is modern and touches life at all its cardinal points with the sharp, definite contact, that leaves an indelible impression on the mind. Its characters are vital and pulsate with vigorous life. Tears and laughter mingle happily. And as it unfolds the hearer grows in sympathy until the atmosphere of the play seizes him."—*Los Angeles Evening Herald*."

"Keen and profound analysis. Consistency of theme and constructive skill are shown in a play that radiates serene beauty."—*Otheman Stevens*, *Los Angeles Examiner*."

"'His Son' wins hearts. Play is sweet as a mountain violet. 'His Son' stamped itself on the minds and hearts of a large audience with unmistakable force. It abounds with the sparkle of clean and spontaneous humor, is the story of real people, has the fire of clashing wills, an abundance of tender sentiment of the true ring, and a depth and soundness of characterization."—*Los Angeles Tribune*."

"Two acts so big they hurt—acts wondrously written; two great soaring flights right to the skies. Two of the finest acts I ever witnessed in a drama."—*Los Angeles Daily Times*."

"Its story is absorbing—its characters are vital."
—"*Los Angeles Herald*."

"'Our Children' is staged with happy results. The first genuine dramatic premiere of the season. It fills one with the satisfaction of having spent a good evening in the theatre."—*Charles Collins*, "*Chicago Evening Post*."

"Mr. Kolker appears in an appealing drama. Both the play and playing were pronounced unequivocally successful."—"*Chicago Tribune*."

"Last night's visitors at the Princess laughed over 'Our Children' and wept over it. The play is simple, direct and colloquial, picturing a story that is entirely human and understandable."—"*Chicago Herald*."

"'Our Children' scores a hit at the opening. Every father, mother, son and daughter will like 'Our Children.' That includes us all. The reason? Because part of the best of most any man or woman is reproduced right before your eyes."—"*Chicago Evening American*."

"Doctor Anspacher writes 'Our Children,' a most beautiful comedy. It is plays of the caliber of 'Our Children' which gives sinews to the stage."—"*Chicago Daily News*."

"'Our Children' has in it everything that makes for prosperity in the theatre. One of those plays the public laughs at and cries with, and from which it gets more than its money's worth."—"*Chicago Daily Journal*."

"'Our Children' has the very breath of life—hits the realistic note hard. It is real life, presented naturally. It's as refreshing as spring water found in the woods, with no straining after theatrical effects. The character-drawing is exquisitely done."—"*New York Evening Sun*."

"'Our Children' has many of the qualities which are rare enough today and are certain to appeal to

the public. It has sentiment, humour and dramatic suspense."—*"The Sun," New York City.*

"'Our Children' has a strong appeal and seems certain to interest thousands of theatre-goers. An epitome of the story would give an inadequate idea of the charm of the play. Human touches that bring tears, many moments of comedy."—*"Journal of Commerce," New York City.*

"'Our Children' is a gripping play of modern home life. Dr. Anspacher's drama makes tremendous appeal. A first night audience was held enthralled. It is distinctly a play for the great theatre-going public, with the popular appeal which insures its success—a triumph for all concerned."—*"The New York Review."*

"'Our Children' is a human play humanly acted. In this age of stage novelties it is gratifying to find so simple and honest a play which made a direct appeal to the heart."—*"Evening World," New York City.*

"Sincerity is the keynote of 'Our Children,' a truly human story of the pangs of parenthood—honest all through."—*"The Press," New York City.*

"Dr. Anspacher's story is a simple one and yet contains a novelty in its basic idea. Mother-love is in the top right hand drawer of every dramatist. The author of 'Our Children' has fished deeper and brought forth father-love. Well-drawn characters and honesty of purpose. A long run, unless we are much mistaken.—*Heywood Brown.*

"I was charmed with the play. 'Our Children' suited me to a dot, worthwhile and impressive without being frightful."—*Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, "The New York American."*

"'Our Children,' a play of force and appeal. A comedy drama on a domestic theme makes strong impression. Its observation of life and character is close and accurate. Its types are recognizable and

human, and the language they speak is effective and natural. These merits should bring the play the popularity which it deserves. The story is full of human elements and is told with strong emotional interest. Very close to nature."—*"The New York World."*

"'The New House,' extremely interesting and thoughtful work."—*"Baltimore American."*

"A joy in its richness of texture and genial portrayal of personalities."—*"Baltimore Sun."*

"'The New House' is a delightful play of real people and genuine situations."—*"Atlantic City News."*

"A play, rich in human qualities, with the humorous and pathetic close neighbors at all times. A remarkably good piece of dramatic work."—*"Atlantic City Press."*

"'Daddalums' is one of the most human, natural and appealing plays ever written. Folks who go to see it are conscious of the lump in the throat, the mist before the eyes and the tension of excitement that are the surest signs that they are listening to the real thing."—*"Society," Brighton, England.*

"In 'Daddalums' we have the whole conception of the stage in its larger and nobler aspects embodied in a play that in itself is a masterpiece of dramatic craftsmanship, and instruct with a great moral lesson."—*Editorial in "The Gazette," Derby, England.*

"Simple in construction, sincere in feeling, strong in its character-drawing, 'Daddalums' gets down to the human heart of things."—*"Herald," Brighton, England.*

"'Daddalums' is a delightful, homely study of real human beings in everyday relationships. It is gratifying to find so simple and honest a play."—*"The Repertory Theatre," Plymouth, England.*

"'Daddalums' won instant popular success at

Wyndam's Theatre last night."—"*Pall Mall Gazette*," London, England.

"Cheers of enthusiastic approval and every prospect of the jolliest success. Refreshing as the old fireside."—"*The Referee*," London, England.

"'Daddalums' is a good strong comedy drama of father and son, and achieved a well-deserved success."—"*London Daily Chronicle*."

"Mr. Louis Calvert's success last night was indisputable, unchallenged. A play that affords such opportunities must have the root of the matter in it. The final reception could not have been more cordial."—"*London Times*."

"A popular triumph. Very rarely during recent years has finer applause been heard in a theatre——" —"*Liverpool Courier*."

"'Daddalums' is being heralded as one of the really great dramatic successes of the year."—*Cable to "Variety."*

SYNOPSIS

The theme is one of simple son-worship with the contrasting condition of a neglected elder sister, who is turned out of the house because she loves the young foreman of her father's factory, who repays the old man's hardness to him in adversity with the redemption of his idolized son and a comfortable home.

A GREAT CRITIC WROTE:

"A play that is more than a play. I have seen a play. One sees only a few plays in a lifetime. Most plays you just endure. I went to the Princess Theatre the other night just because a dear friend insisted that I should. The play was 'Our Children,' written

by Louis K. Anspacher. I went with the intention of sitting out one act. But I remained until the curtain fell on the last scene, and then I sat there and forgot to applaud, and forgot to go home until a courteous usher touched my shoulder and said, 'Excuse me, but the play is over.'

"'Our Children' was advertised as a 'new play.' It is not only that, but it is a new kind of a play. It is a play for young folks, no matter how long they have lived. It is a play for parents. It is a play for lovers.

"The lesson is, that lavish love which gives freedom from work tends to enslave just as much as does the affection which eternally hedges and protects. But that isn't all—the feminist will see her argument here presented; so will the student of economics. But, most of all, parents will think the play is written just for them.

"This play is presented without preachment, rant, fuss or friction. The movement is simple, the language natural, the whole plot gently unfolding, but holding the auditor so he forgets time and place. It is a far-reaching cross-section of life, told with consummate restraint and subtle skill. Its lessons of work, study, play, love and simple, natural living are unmistakable.

"'Our Children!'—Yes, and your children—and we ourselves are the children sent into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will. And so we look and listen and laugh, and cry a bit and think, and then we resolve that hereafter work and love shall guide our lives, not pride and prejudice.

"Go and see 'Our Children' and take your children with you, and you will all enjoy one of the most artistic and exquisite plays ever presented on the American stage."

*Gertrude Atherton's Letter to Dr. Anspacher
About "Our Children"*

Dear Mr. Anspacher:

The notices have been splendid. One could not be sure how the blasé critic would take it. Apparently it hit him in the right spot, as it should have done. It is an enchanting play. In spite of its fine realism, it has a sort of old Germany, Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Hans Christian Anderson atmosphere. *I have never seen a play in which there were so many lovable characters.*

May its shadow not contract for many seasons.

(Signed) *Gertrude Atherton.*

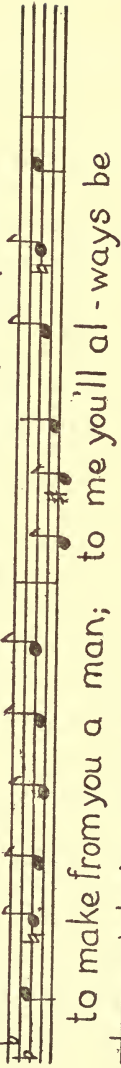
Willy's Song in "OUR CHILDREN"



My lit-tle boy, dat's wat you are to me my lit-tle boy,



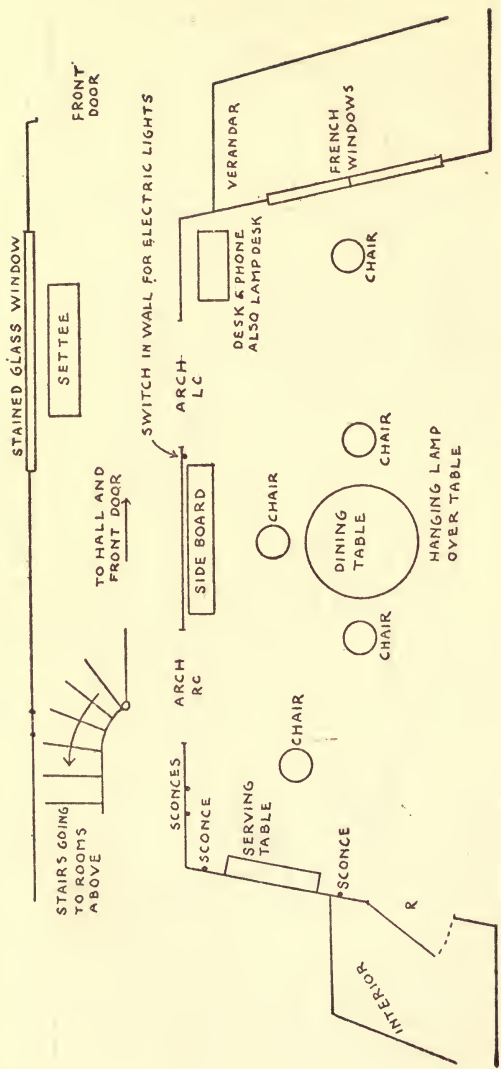
dat's wat you'll al-ways be: Though Gott al-might-y planned



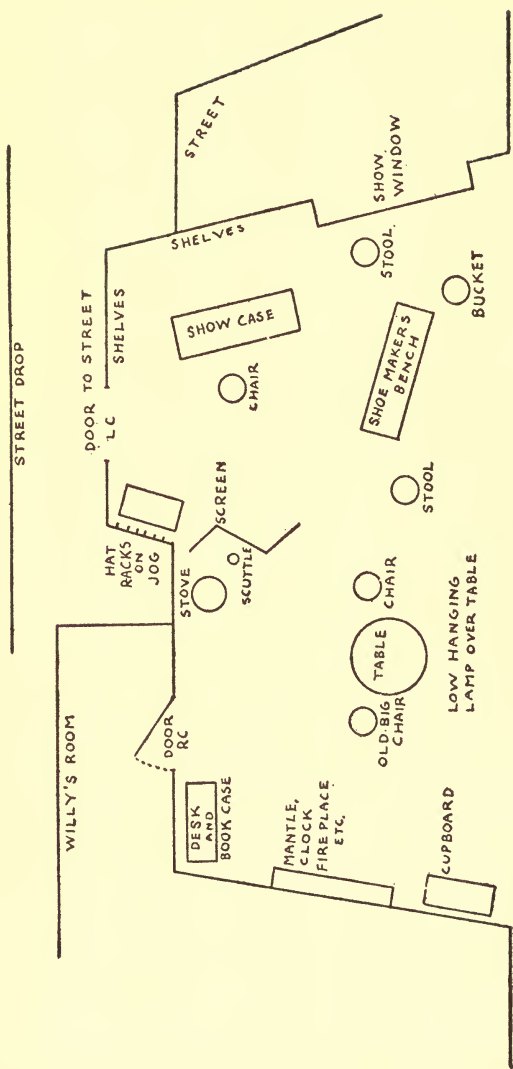
to make from you a man; to me you'll al-ways be



my lit-tle boy



SCENE DESIGN ACTS 1 & 2
 "OUR CHILDREN"



SCENE DESIGN ACT 3
 "OUR CHILDREN"

REBOUND

Comedy in 3 acts. By Donald Ogden Stewart. Produced originally by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York. 7 males, 5 females. Modern costumes.

Sara Jaffrey is twenty-eight, pretty, charming but unmarried—when we first meet her in the home of her sister, Mrs. Crawford. Bill Truesdale is much in love with Evie Lawrence, but she throws him over for the rich Lyman Patterson. Sara and Bill immediately become engaged and are married shortly after.

We next find them on their honeymoon in Paris, where Bill is beginning to show early symptoms of being a neglectful husband—even failing to show up to meet Sara's father. It appears that Evie and Lyman have turned up in Paris on their wedding tour and Bill has been spending the truant time with his old love. This devotion to Evie grows into alarming proportions despite Sara's pleading with Bill until she realizes love is not a thing to be begged for but a thing to command. She switches her methods and Bill rebounds back to her arms with every indication of being a devoted husband.

"The best light comedy written by anybody hereabouts in ten or twenty years." Heywood Broun, N. Y. Telegram.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

Comedy in 3 acts. By George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced originally by Jed Harris at the Selwyn Theatre, New York. 11 males, 6 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes.

A tremendously interesting and fascinating story of a great family of the American stage. The Cavendishes, with which "The Royal Family" concerns itself, comprises three generations. First, there is Fanny Cavendish, wife of the deceased Aubrey Cavendish, "the first actor of his day," who at seventy is planning her tour for the coming season. There is her brother, Herbert Dean, a pompous player now in his decline; Julie, her daughter, is at the crest of her career as a Broadway star, Tony, her son, having forsaken the stage for Hollywood, rushes home only to flee to Europe to escape the attention of a Polish picture actress. Soon he is back again in New York seeking refuge from a lovesick Balkan princess. A granddaughter, Gwen, just building into important ingenue roles, jolts the family by marrying a non-professional and forsaking the stage, but only temporarily. Through it all, Fanny Cavendish rules the household with her courage and a sharp tongue. Though her children are idols to the public, they are defenseless under the withering fire of the old lady's sarcasm.

(Royalty on application.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

BERKELEY SQUARE

Play in 3 acts. By John L. Balderston. Produced originally by Gilbert Miller and Leslie Howard at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. 7 males, 8 females. 1 interior. Modern and Eighteenth century costumes. Plays a full evening.

Peter Standish, a young American architect, has inherited, so it seems, an old English house in which one of his ancestors had played an important role. Taking up his residence there, he discovers that he can walk back and forth through time, that he can step into the shoes of his ancestor and live the life that man lived in the Eighteenth century. He accepts the challenge of the adventure and finds himself entering the old drawing-room dressed in the costume of the time but still essentially himself, and he plays the game as well as he can. Much charms, but much also shocks him. His knowledge of the future sometimes trips him up, but the platitudes of the Nineteenth and the Twentieth centuries are brilliant epigrams to those about him. But despite his success he is not really at home.

"Berkeley Square" is the finest play of the season—a play that casts a spell." J. Brooks Atkinson, New York Times.

"Unusual in flavor and right in entertainment—deserves the attention of every playgoer who wants to buy an evening of complete beguilement." John Anderson, N. Y. Evening Journal.

(Royalty will be quoted on application for cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

HOLIDAY

Comedy in 3 acts. By Philip Barry. Produced originally by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

Holiday, with Hope Williams, was one of the outstanding successes of the New York theatre, and later done in motion pictures with Ann Harding. It is the story of a young man who is engaged to a girl of great wealth and social standing. But he refuses to "make good" with her father, preferring to enjoy life as a holiday and an independent venture in happiness. Because of this the two separate, but at the end the girl's sister realizing that the young man is right and her family wrong, confesses that she is in love with him and agrees to go away and marry him. A delightful and brilliant comedy.

"One could ask for nothing better (except that it is dangerous to laugh so hard) than a stageful of Philip Barry characters indulging in his special brand of happy-go-lucky nonsense."

Robert Littell, N. Y. Post.

"It is continuously gay and amusing, blissfully mad, and stunningly sane, all at the same time. . . ." John Anderson, N. Y. Journal.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE \$2.00 per copy (*in cloth*).

HOTEL UNIVERSE

Play without intermission by Philip Barry. Produced originally by the Theatre Guild at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York. 5 males, 4 females. 1 exterior scene. Modern costumes.

One of the most striking and original plays ever written by an American, and on the occasion of its production in New York it aroused heated controversy. It is the most ambitious and brilliant play Mr. Barry has ever attempted, and is concerned with the baffling problems which every adult human being is at some time forced to face. The characters seem hardly to exist at all in relation to other people, which is surely the reason why Mr. Barry discovered (somewhat as Chekov discovered) that to invent a plot for them would be to deprive them of the kind of reality he was after. These people are essentially introspective, centripetal, literally self-seeking. And what are they after? Just an answer to the question that every thinking human being must ask himself—and vainly: What is life? What is death? Where are we going, and why? What is the meaning of past, present and future? Published only in bound form.

"A glittering play of unreality and magic to quicken the pulses and stir the minds . . ." Richard Lockridge, N. Y. Sun.

(Royalty on application.) PRICE \$2.00 per copy (*in cloth*).

THE FARMER'S WIFE

Comedy in 3 acts. By Eden Phillpotts. Produced originally by Charles Coburn in New York City. 9 males, 13 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes.

This delightful comedy of English people was one of the long run successes in London before coming to New York. The story is concerned with Samuel Sweetland, a Devonshire farmer and a widower, who decides to marry again. Aided and abetted by his housekeeper, Araminta, he makes out a list of the various eligible women in the county and proposes to them in turn. But they all refuse him, and in the end he finds at home, in Araminta, the one woman.

(Royalty on application.) PRICE 75 CENTS.

